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## PREFACE

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## I.—Alexander William Kinglake.

IN many library catalogues may be seen the name *Eöthen* standing as the title of a volume. If the books are classified, *Eöthen* will be found under the head of geography and travel.

Few persons can tell by the title what the work is about, because *Eöthen* is a Greek word ; it means, "from the East." The book contains an account of the Eastern travels of Alexander William Kinglake, who wrote of where he had been and what he had seen, exactly as if talking to a friend, and the record of his tour is, therefore, one of the most charming books of travel ever produced.

The author of *Eöthen* was born in 1809 at Taunton, the pleasant county town of Somersetshire, where his father was a solicitor and banker.

To his mother he was passionately attached. Among many good things which he owed to her, as he tells us in *Eöthen*, were skill in horsemanship, an accomplishment that proved most useful in his travels, and intense love

for Homer, the earliest and best Greek poet. At the close of the day of his mother's funeral, he was missing from his home. Having ordered his horse to be saddled, he had galloped back to the newly-filled grave five miles away.

At an early age the boy was sent to the grammar school at Ottery St. Mary, a small Devonshire town eleven miles from Exeter. There, being a delicate child needing tender treatment, he spent an unhappy time, as the food supplied was not sufficient, and instruction in school was not pleasantly given.

When old enough, he attended the public school at Eton, near Windsor. There he was numbered with the "wet bobs," as those pupils are called who prefer the river pastimes to the games of the playing-fields, and he became a good oarsman and swimmer. From Eton he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and, at the close of his university career in 1834, started on the Eastern tour which forms the subject of *Eöthen*.

He set out with a friend who travelled as far as Smyrna. Thence the friend was obliged to return to England, and Mr. Kinglake proceeded alone. The route was through Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, and Vienna to Semlin, a town on the southern

border of Hungary, less than a gunshot from Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, and there the story told in *Eöthen* begins.

"I had come, as it were," says the author, "to the end of this wheel-going Europe, and now my eyes would see the splendour and havoc of the East." Belgrade was garrisoned by Turkish troops, and Serbia was part of the Ottoman empire. The subjects of the Austrian Emperor had such a dread of the plague, which ravaged the dominions of the Turkish Sultan, that the Hungarian on the north of the Save, and the Turk and the Serb on its southern side were as much asunder, as though fifty broad provinces lay between them.

No one could enter the Austrian territory from the plague-stricken land, without undergoing confinement for fourteen days in a place set apart for the purpose.

On arriving at Belgrade, Mr. Kinglake and his friend accepted an invitation to visit the Pasha, who received them with the smooth, kind, gentle manner of the well-bred Turk. Then he lightly clapped his hands, and instantly the sound filled all the lower end of the room with slaves; a syllable dropped from his lips; it bowed all heads, and conjured away the attendants like ghosts. Their coming and going was thus swift and quiet, because their feet were bare, and they

passed through no door, but only by the yielding folds of a curtain.

Soon the coffee-bearers appeared, each carrying a tiny cup in a small metal stand; and presently to each visitor there came a pipe-bearer—a grave and solemn person, who first rested the bowl of the pipe on the floor, and then, on this axis, wheeled round the long cherry tube, and gracefully presented it on half-bended knee.

Short, however, was the stay at Belgrade. In two or three hours the party was ready. The servants, the Tatar, the mounted Suridgees, and the baggage horses, made up a strong cavalcade. The Tatar was a government courier sent to speed the travellers on their way, and to answer with his head for their safety. He arrived sleek and fresh from the bath, according to the custom of the Ottomans when they start upon a journey, and from his thigh to his throat he was laden with weapons. The Suridgees were the men employed to lead the baggage horses.

Night closed, as the travellers entered the vast Servian forest, through which their road led for more than a hundred miles. To scare away any demons lurking among the trees, the Suridgees, at the command of the Tatar, lifted up their voices, and burst upon the dreaded

stillness of the forest with shrieks and dismal howls.

Long before midnight the travellers reached the forest hamlet in which they were to sleep. It consisted of about a dozen clay huts, in one of which they were lodged. Their room was bare of furniture, but a couple of quilts, spread upon the floor with a carpet bag at the head of each, served as capital sofas. With these as seats, a portmanteau was just the right height for a table. The duty of candlesticks was performed by a couple of natives, while the remainder of the villagers stood by the open doorway, and watched the strangers eat their supper.

On arriving at Adrianople, the second city of Turkey, Mr. Kinglake's friend was too ill to go farther on horseback. A railway now connects the city with Constantinople, two hundred miles to the west; at that time such a thing was unthought of. Even our own country had only two short lines; but coaches ran on our main roads, post-chaises could be hired, and there were numerous private carriages.

At Adrianople, wheeled-carriages as a means of travelling were unknown. There were, however, clumsy vehicles called arabas, in which the wives of rich men were sometimes drawn by oxen for four or five miles



over the grass by way of recreation. One of these was procured for the invalid, but horses were harnessed to it instead of oxen, much to the astonishment of the natives. It had no springs, there was no road for the wheels, and the carriage jolted along over the open country.

When the travellers reached Constantinople, they found the city plague-stricken. Europeans, obliged to venture into the streets, carefully avoided the touch of every human being; but the Moslems took no such pains, and even continued the custom of cutting up the clothes of a dead person, and sending a small piece to each of his friends as a memorial.

To follow every stage of the tour would require too much space, so we must pass from Constantinople to Palestine, about which *Eöthen* contains many interesting pages.

Some record the devotion to duty of certain Franciscan monks, at whose convent Mr. Kinglake was a guest. Three months after he left them, the plague came upon the Holy City. Then a monk was chosen, either by lot or some other plan, to go into the plague-stricken streets to perform his priestly offices for dying and dead Roman Catholics. Lest he should infect his brethren, he was not to return to the interior of the convent,

but was to lodge in a detached building all alone.

“He was provided with a bell, and, at a certain hour in the morning, he was ordered to ring it, *if he could*: but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then his brethren knew that he was either delirious or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place. In this way twenty-one of the monks were carried off.”

Mr. Kinglake’s route in the Holy Land embraced the Dead Sea. The deep stillness and the absence of vegetation impressed him. No fly hummed in the air, no grass grew from the earth, no weed peered through the void sand, “but, in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these, grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched, and charred to blackness by the heats of the long, silent years.”

He bathed in those waters of death. The bed of the sea sloped so gradually that he walked through the water nearly a quarter of a mile, before getting out of his depth. He knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in the buoyant water, but was surprised to find he could not swim at his usual pace. His legs and

feet were lifted so high out of the lake that his stroke was baffled, and he found himself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid. The water was perfectly bright and clear, but its taste was detestable.

While journeying northwards alongside the Jordan, Mr. Kinglake suddenly came upon an Arab encampment. Low black tents were teeming with men, women, and children, and some twenty or thirty uncouth-looking fellows, wearing nothing but Arab shirts confined at the waist by leather belts, came forward to meet him. When he alighted from his horse, the chief greeted him by touching first his visitor's hand, and then his own forehead.

Presently Mr. Kinglake found himself seated upon a sheepskin spread in a crowded tent. The women brought him a wooden bowl full of butter-milk, a most welcome gift, but as no one offered him bread and salt—the pledges of peace amongst wandering tribes—and, as the people were evidently in the deepest poverty, he began to wonder if they had any thought of robbing him. He afterwards learned that the poor fellows had no bread to offer. They had a scanty supply of goats' milk, but were living almost entirely upon certain grass stems, then in season.

With these Arabs a bargain was struck for a passage over the river. The crossing was performed in very curious manner. With small boughs and inflated water skins, a raft four or five feet square was constructed, and upon it a portion of the baggage was placed. Twelve of the Arabs stripped and tied inflated skins to their loins, and pulled and pushed the raft from bank to bank.

A second crossing was made, with Mr. Kinglake perched on the top of the remaining baggage. The raft had now lost so much of its buoyancy that it could not be used again. Mr. Kinglake's men therefore crossed in a different way. Inflated skins were fastened to their loins, and, thus supported, they were tugged across by Arabs swimming on each side of them. The horses and mules were thrown into the water, and forced to swim over.

At Gaza, upon the verge of the desert between Palestine and Egypt, travellers hired their camels, and laid in stores for the journey. Instead of making himself a guest of the governor, as was usual and proper, Mr. Kinglake took up his quarters at the caravanserai or inn.

"A caravanserai forms the four sides of a large quadrangular court: the ground floor is used for warehouses, the first floor for guests,

and the open court for the temporary reception of the camels, as well as for the loading and unloading of their burdens, and the transaction of mercantile business generally. The apartments used for the guests are small cells, opening into a kind of corridor, which runs through the inner sides of the court."

While Mr. Kinglake was there, a caravan—that is a large assemblage of travellers—arrived from the desert. It consisted chiefly of pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem. "They had been overtaken by a gale of wind, which so drove the sand, and raised up such mountains before them that their journey had been terribly perplexed and obstructed, and their provisions (including water, the most precious of all) had been exhausted long before they reached the end of their toilsome march. They were sadly wayworn.

"The arrival of the caravan drew many and various groups into the court. There was the Moldavian pilgrim with his sable dress, and cap of fur, and heavy masses of bushy hair; the Turk with his various and brilliant garments; the Arab superbly stalking under his striped blanket that hung like royalty upon his stately form; the jetty Ethiopian in his slavish frock; the sleek, smooth-faced scribe with his comely

pelisse, and his silver ink-box stuck in like a dagger at his girdle. And mingled with these were the camels—some standing—some kneeling and being unladen—some twisting round their long necks and gently stealing the straw from out of their own pack-saddles."

Mr. Kinglake set out from Gaza with four camels carrying his baggage, his servants, and himself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, accompanied him on foot. They were to conduct him to Cairo, the capital of Egypt, within ten days from the beginning of the journey.

For several miles beyond Gaza the land, freshened by recent rain, was covered with rich verdure, and thickly jewelled with bright and fragrant meadow flowers. But, as the party advanced, the fertility of the soil declined, and, before the close of the first day's journey, the travellers were surrounded by a tract of sand on which nothing grew, except a few blades of grass, and the stunted shrubs which supply food to the camel.

Of this part of his tour in the East, Mr. Kinglake says, "The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose and made the most of about a pint of water, which I allowed myself for

washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. About mid-day, or soon after, Mysseri (the servant) used to bring up his camel alongside of mine, and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

“As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert, you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains, you pass over newly-reared hills, you pass through valleys dug out by the last week’s storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again.

“You look to the sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in

the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword.

"No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. But conquering time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven.

"Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his side once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

"Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent;



and there is no living thing to dispute your choice.

“When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the desert, where shrubs there were; or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

“The first night, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent desert there rushed in a flood of life unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs.

“On the fifth day, when we came to an oasis called Gatieh, we found encamped a caravan from Cairo. The Orientals living in cities never pass the desert except in this way. Many will

wait for weeks, and even for months, until a sufficient number of persons can be found ready to undertake the journey at the same time—until the flock of sheep is big enough to fancy itself a match for wolves.”

It was not of the Bedouins that such travellers were afraid, as, before setting out, they purchased safe conduct from the chief. The danger arose from deserters, and scamps of various sorts, hovering on the skirts of the desert.

The travellers encamped at Gatieh could not understand, and wanted to know how an Englishman with a brace of pistols and a couple of servants rode safely across the desert, whilst they, the natives of the neighbouring cities, were forced to travel in troops, or rather herds. One had a few minutes' conversation with one of Mr. Kinglake's party, and asked him whether the English did not travel under the protection of evil demons, a notion general among Orientals then, and perhaps still held.

During the journey, Mr. Kinglake fell in with a sheik who, with his family, lived for nine months of the year without touching or seeing either bread or water. The stunted shrub, growing at intervals through the sand in that part of the desert, enabled the camel mares to yield a little milk, the sole food and

drink of their owner and his people. During the other three months even that resource failed, and the Arabs were forced to pass into another district.

Mr. Kinglake made the man sit down, and gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water. "This was not a very tempting drink to look at, for it had become turbid, and was deeply reddened by some colouring matter contained in the skins, but it had kept its sweetness, and tasted like a strong decoction of Russian leather. The sheik sipped this drop by drop with ineffable relish, and rolled his eyes solemnly round between every draught, as though the drink were the drink of the Prophet, and had come from the seventh heaven.

"An inquiry about distances led to the discovery that this sheik had never heard of the division of time into hours."

On the evening of the second day in the desert, the Arab owners of the camels displayed a trait very common in their race and in other Eastern people. When hired, they agreed to provide their own food, but, before encamping on the second day, they announced that they had not brought one atom of food with them, and that they expected Mr. Kinglake to feed them.

This was awkward, as he had no more bread

than might be required for himself and his European servants, but, thinking the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement, he told his interpreter he would share his supplies with them, as it would be better for all to go on half rations, than for the Arabs to be starved.

Being assured, however, that the men quite understood the agreement, Mr. Kinglake refused to feed them. He well knew the danger of giving them cause to think they could take advantage of him. When at last convinced they could not move him by their entreaties, they retired, as they pretended, to lie down and die.

About ten minutes later they were busily cooking their bread. Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal, which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage, upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice.

“In Europe, the detection of a scheme like this would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the delinquent; but you would no more recoil from an Oriental on account of a matter of this sort, than in England you would reject a

horse that had tried and failed to throw you."

Indeed, Mr. Kinglake confessed that he felt quite good-humoured towards his Arabs, because they had failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, he had done what was right.

They, too, began to like him immensely, on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled him to baffle their scheme.

To European ideas, Arab bread-making is a very strange operation. "The very first baker of bread that ever lived must have done his work exactly as the Arab does at this day. He takes some meal, and holds it out in the hollow of his hands, whilst his comrade pours over it a few drops of water; he then mashes up the moistened flour into a paste, pulls the lump of dough so made into small pieces, and thrusts them into the embers.

"His way of baking exactly resembles the craft or mystery of roasting chestnuts, as practised by children; there is the same rudence and circumspection in choosing a good berth for the morsel—the same enterprise and self-sacrificing valour in pulling it out with the fingers."

When Mr. Kinglake arrived at Cairo, the plague was raging in the city. Out of a

population of about 200,000, the daily number of deaths did not then exceed four or five hundred, but before he went away they were reckoned at twelve hundred a day.

"The funerals were very simply conducted. The bier was a shallow wooden tray, carried upon a light and weak wooden frame. The tray had in general no lid, but the body was more or less hidden from view by a shawl or scarf. The whole was borne upon the shoulders of men, and hurried forward at a great pace. Two or three singers generally preceded the bier; paid howlers followed after; and, last of all, came such of the dead man's friends and relations as could keep up with such a rapid procession."

Yet, while the plague was raging so furiously, and on the very ground which resounded with the howls of the mourners, preparations were being made for a religious festival. "Tents were pitched, and swings hung for the amusement of the children—a ghastly holiday! but the Mohammedans take a pride in following their ancient customs, undisturbed by the shadow of death."

The usual mode of moving about in Cairo is upon donkeys, just as it was at the time of Mr. Kinglake's visit. You have only to mount an animal, tell the donkey boy where

you wish to go, and instantly you begin to glide on at a capital pace. As you ride through the streets, you mingle with the people on foot. Those in your way are warned by the shouts of the donkey boy, and move slightly aside.

Through the midst of crowds you gallop, your donkey boy making a passage with his cries of "O old man, O virgin, get out of the way on the right—O virgin, O old man, get out of the way on the left,—this Englishman comes, he comes, he comes!"

From Cairo, a visit was paid to the pyramids, the tombs of the rulers of Egypt, who lived about six thousand years ago. There are sixty or seventy altogether, but only nine near Cairo. One is the Great Pyramid, the largest of all. If it were hollow, it could contain the cathedral of St. Peter in Rome, the largest church in the world. It is 482 feet high, and each of its four sides measures at the base 765 feet. It is almost solid.

Near the Pyramids, Mr. Kinglake saw the sphinx, "more wondrous and more awful than anything else in the land of Egypt." It is a gigantic creature, with a human head and a lion's body, partly buried in the sand. It is cut out of a natural cliff; no one knows by whom, or when, or why.

From Cairo, Mr. Kinglake rode to Suez on a dromedary, not the two-humped animal described by that name in books of natural history, but a swift kind of camel. Pushing on ahead, he became separated from the servant, lost his way, and was thrown from his dromedary, which disappeared before he was able to rise. However, some natives furnished him with a donkey, and a guide to take him to Suez.

The runaway dromedary was brought in the day after his arrival, but the saddle-bags had been pillaged. Complaint having been made to the governor, he imprisoned the first seven poor fellows he could lay hands on, and a few hours later Mr. Kinglake was horrified to learn that two had been beaten to force them to confess their theft.

When the governor next ordered them to be brought into his presence, they had to be carried, their battered feet being too sore to bear contact with the floor. The governor wished to torture them again. Mr. Kinglake prevented that, and finally, at his request, the men were set free. On being liberated, they fell down and kissed his boots. There was good ground for supposing them guilty, since one of the holsters was found in their possession.

From Suez, Mr. Kinglake recrossed the desert



to Gaza. The district was then rather thickly sprinkled with Bedouins, waiting for their harvest of barley, raised in spots where the sand was mingled with productive soil. Want of water would compel them to go elsewhere ; but, before making their departure, they would bury their grain, and the warm, dry sand would preserve it until they returned.

Camels in this district differed in their ways and habits from those on routes more frequented by travellers. They were never led. There was not the slightest sign of a track, but they never failed to choose the right line. A leading camel marches foremost and determines the path for the whole party, but, if none of the camels has been accustomed to lead the others, there is great difficulty in making a start. At last one consents to take the lead, and then you cannot by any persuasion, and scarcely even by blows, induce another to walk a single step in advance of the chosen guide.

His journey across the desert disclosed to Alexander Kinglake the dread which Bedouins have of a city. "When the whole breadth of the desert lies between him and the town you are going to, he will freely enter into an agreement to land you in the city for which you are bound. When, however, after many days of toil, the distant minarets at length

appear, the poor Bedouin relaxes the vigour of his pace—his steps become faltering and undecided,—every moment his uneasiness increases, and at length he fairly sobs aloud, and, embracing your knees, implores, with the most piteous cries and gestures, that you will dispense with him and his camels, and find some other means of entering the city.

“This, of course, one can’t agree to, and the consequence is that one is obliged to witness and resist the most moving expressions of grief and fond entreaty.” Mr. Kinglake had to go through a most painful scene of this kind when he entered Cairo, and the horror which the wilder Arabs, who conducted him on his return journey from Suez to Gaza, felt at the notion of entering the latter city, led to consequences still more distressing.

“The dread of cities results partly from a kind of wild instinct which has always characterised the descendants of Ishmael, but partly, too, from a well-founded apprehension of ill-treatment. So often it befalls the poor Bedouin (when once entrapped between walls) to be seized by the government authorities for the sake of his camels, that his innate horror of cities becomes really justified by results.”



*Photo: Elliot & Fry, London.*

**M.T.**

Alexander William Kinglake.

Mr. Kinglake made other tours besides that at which we have been glancing. On his return from one of them he found himself famous. He had published *Eöthen* and everybody was talking about it.

There is, however, a greater work which bears his name. It is a *History of the Crimean War*, a work remarkable for beauty of style, vivid descriptions of events, and the fearless way in which the real truth about the war is told. Mr. Kinglake saw with his own eyes much about which he wrote, being in the Crimea as the guest of Lord Raglan, the commander of the British force there.

Englishmen at home and abroad eagerly read and admired the famous work, but it was never considered perfect by its author, who lovingly continued to polish and revise it, until he quietly passed away on New Year's Day, 1891.

## II.—Miss Gordon-Cumming.

ON 26th May, 1837, about a month that is, before Queen Victoria began her reign, there came into the world at Altyre, three miles from the town of Forres in Morayshire, a baby girl who, as Miss Constance Frederica Gordon-Cumming, was to gain fame by her travels in many lands, and by the books she wrote about them.

She had several brothers who, on reaching manhood, left home to take up work, or to follow sport in countries far away. Through their letters extending over a long series of years, their sister Constance became familiar with many aspects of life in Canada, South Africa, Ceylon, and India.

When thirty years of age, she had the opportunity of seeing some of the strange sights of which she had heard, as she was invited to spend a year with a married sister in India. The invitation was accepted, and the visit aroused a taste for travel, which led to extensive wanderings during a period of twelve years.

In order to give pleasure to her friends, and to refresh her impressions of delightful scenes, Miss Cumming used both her pencil and brush. She tried to allow no day to pass without its sketch, and some of the pictures have been used in illustrating the books which she wrote.

Her wanderings, too, gave her other work. Moved by what she saw and learned in China, Miss Cumming invented a type for the use of unlearned Chinese, both blind and seeing, and she devotes much time to the system of instruction which she thus began.

Bombay is the landing-place of most visitors from England, who wish to see something of India, as it is the terminus of the mail route by Suez and Aden. But in the days when Miss Cumming paid her visit to the great peninsula, which forms "the brightest gem in the British Crown," there was no Suez Canal.

That water-way was not opened until the year 1869, and, before that date, passengers wishing to avoid the rough seas of the Cape of Good Hope, went down the Mediterranean Sea to the Egyptian port of Alexandria, thence travelled overland to Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, and there embarked on another vessel, which bore them eastward.

This was the route which Miss Cumming followed, but Bombay was not her landing-place. She was bound for Calcutta, which has long been connected by rail with Bombay; but, as many do even now, Miss Cumming proceeded to the eastern port by sea, passing on her way the pear-shaped Island of Ceylon, in which she afterwards spent "two happy years."

Her vessel touched at Point de Galle, then the port of call for steamers, and she saw for the first time the strange canoes used by the natives. These are long narrow craft consisting of a hollowed palm trunk, perhaps sixty feet in length, with bulwarks attached by cords of twisted cocoa-nut fibre, and long bamboo outriggers, with a log lashed at the end of them, on which a boatman sits to steady it with his weight in a high wind. Without such a contrivance for balancing the canoes, they would be overturning continually.

Miss Cumming had also her first view of Adam's Peak, the best known mountain in Ceylon, although not the highest. Its summit is nearly seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea, the loftiest point upon the island being some eight hundred feet higher.

The Mohammedans say that the chain of rocks and reefs across Palk Strait, which lies between Ceylon and the mainland, served as

a bridge for Adam after his expulsion from Paradise, and that, upon the peak which bears his name, he stood on one leg for a thousand years, as an act of penance.

In support of their story, the Mohammedans point to a hollow, six feet long, shaped like the print of a human foot; but the Buddhists claim the impression as the footmark of Buddha, the founder of their religion. All the year round, pilgrimages are made to the Buddhist and Mohammedan temples at the summit of the peak.

On the lowlands, the air is like that of a hothouse, and, in the tropical heat and moisture, vegetation grows with a rankness and rapidity that astonishes visitors from a temperate clime. Almost everything known to the tropical world grows in Ceylon, so that pages might be filled with descriptions of its floral beauties and wonders. At all times of the year they abound, for perpetual spring and perpetual autumn reign in the island. Matured leaves are continually falling, and buds are continually opening.

Growing wild in rich luxuriance, in all the fertile lowlands, are plants that we can rear only in carefully tended hothouses. There are flowering shrubs and trees, each one a mass of gorgeous or delicate colour; many have



blossoms that, fragrant as well as bright, load the air with their perfume.

In the early morning you may come upon a bush covered with flowers, as white as newly fallen snow. Pass that way again, when the sun is well on its western course, and how different the bush appears! Its blossoms have all assumed a rosy hue, and day by day the marvel is repeated.

Never failing to attract admiration in its flowering season, is the aptly named Flame of the Forest, a magnificent tree that covers itself with blossoms of scarlet and gold. Another floral wonder is the potato tree, which owes its name to the form of its blossoms. They exactly resemble those that come on the bine of our potatoes, except that they are three times the size. If you can imagine an average-sized oak covered with such flowers, you will have some idea of what a potato tree in bloom looks like. Miss Cumming once saw one growing near an ironwood tree. The latter seemed to be a pyramid of fire, being a mass of bright scarlet, broken only by the glossy green of a creeper upon its stem and boughs.

As in other tropical countries, climbing plants are a striking feature of the forests. Some have stems a foot thick; others are as thin and pliant as threads, and hang without a twist from the top of the tallest trees. Many

bear stout thorns. The climbers pass from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, and often form a barrier which no living creature but an elephant can pass. One creeper met with in Ceylon bears pods from four to six feet in length, and four inches broad. Within are chocolate - coloured beans, which, when hollowed out, are sometimes used as ornamental match-boxes.

The india-rubber tree, which we know as a potted shrub, in Ceylon grows large enough to shade an area the size of a mansion. Another vegetable wonder is the banyan tree, or sacred fig, whose branches let down perpendicular shoots, which take root on touching the ground, and become the stems of new trees. But, both in villages and in the open country, the chief tree is the palm, in many varieties.

Among them are the cocoa-nut, with a crown of glittering sword-shaped leaves, bending its slender white trunk; the palmyra, or fan palm, which has a stout, straight, black trunk sixty or seventy feet high, and a stiff, semicircular sheaf of foliage forming a huge fan; the areca palm, an elegant reed-like variety, and the talipot palm, surpassing all in height, with its mast-like stem that often measures more than a hundred feet, while the average length of a leaf is eighteen feet

A portion of a leaf of a talipot palm serves a native as a sunshade, or as a rain cloak, and three or four leaves, arranged with the pointed end upward, make a bell-shaped tent that will shelter a small party.

Left to itself, the palmyra palm bears clusters of round, golden-brown nuts about half the size of a cocoa-nut, but very few are allowed to produce fruit. Usually the flowers, while still upon the tree, are beaten daily for about a week with wooden mallets. This prevents their development, and leads to a plenteous flow of sap, which is collected, and by fermentation converted into a highly intoxicating liquor called arrack. The cocoa-nut palm is made to yield its sap for the same purpose.

Another wonder is the sack tree. The stem having been cut into logs, the bark is beaten with mallets, an operation that reduces it to a condition in which it can be turned inside out, and drawn off, as one might remove a stocking by beginning at the top. Then, by sewing up one end, a sack is made that will last for years. It will stretch considerably with use, but is not thereby weakened.

The spices of Ceylon formed a great attraction to the early traders, and are still articles of export. The chief is cinnamon, which grows to greater perfection in Ceylon

than in any other part of the world. The spice is the inner bark of a kind of laurel. Ceylon also has the nutmeg tree, another member of the laurel family. At first sight the fruit might be mistaken for a round, golden-yellow pear. Under the yellow flesh is a ball of yellowish-scarlet mace, and within that is the familiar nutmeg.

Other striking vegetable products are bamboos, which shoot up at the rate of a foot a day, and raise their foliage to a hundred times that height. Then there is the bread-fruit tree, producing a green ball of food weighing a stone or more, and in plentiful variety are plantains or bananas, or figs of paradise, as they are here called.

Ceylon contains many living creatures, which, in a wild state, are quite strange to visitors from our land. In some parts, the wilderness of greenery is almost too thick for animal life, but through some of the forest shades flash peacocks, parrots, bright-hued jungle-cocks, and humming-birds. Flitting in the sunshine are dragon-flies, butterflies, and beetles, giants all and gaily coloured. At night they are replaced by glittering fire-flies and bloodthirsty mosquitoes.

The creatures most to be feared in the jungles, and wherever damp grass abounds, are thin,

tiny leeches, that, in spite of boots and gaiters, get on a traveller's legs and feast upon his blood. Quite harmless, but unpleasant to the eye, are earthworms, which so thrive in the damp ground that some are found six feet in length.

The word Ceylon means Lion Island, but the king of beasts has long ceased to exist in the country, and the tiger also is absent. The interior once swarmed with elephants, of a smaller kind than those of India, and mostly tuskless. They did such great damage to the cultivated crops that a man who killed one was accounted a public benefactor. Now, their number has been so reduced by exportation to the neighbouring peninsula, and by the bullets of hunters, that none may be shot without a license.

Tame elephants may often be seen helping to build stone bridges, dragging timber, or making roads. Visitors like to see them fed, and are always astonished at the patience and obedience with which each member of a group will await its turn, as the attendant passes from one to another with some specially tempting food.

Miss Cumming saw wild elephants as well as tame ones, and tells how pretty it is to see the way in which the mothers try to shield their

little ones. When a herd rushes off in alarm, a baby elephant sometimes twists its trunk round its mother's tail, so that it may be able to keep up with the rest.

What becomes of the elephants that die in the forests is a mystery, as the body of one which has met a natural death is rarely seen. The natives say that when a wild elephant feels its end approaching through disease, old age, or wounds, it tries to reach a certain valley hidden in a dense forest, and guarded by a narrow pass, where it may lie down and die in peace, but no living person has ever seen the spot.

A dead monkey is another rarity, so rare, indeed, that a common saying, both in India and Ceylon, is that the man who sees one will live for ever. Of living monkeys immense numbers may be seen. A very small kind has a pale, human-like face, and young ones of this variety are often tamed and kept as pets. Others are of a venerable appearance, through having a shaggy white beard, and a body covered with iron-gray hair.

Miss Cumming often saw a group of monkeys of various ages and sizes, swinging from branch to branch, and chattering and grimacing as they fled at her approach, or watched her from a safe distance. The babies were carried in their

mother's arms, or on her back, while older youngsters grasped her tail.

In many houses in Ceylon, a pet is made of a mongoose, an animal known to countless boys and girls through the story of Rikki-tikki in Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book*. It holds the place that pussy does with us, as it is the fierce foe of rats and mice, as well as of snakes.

The most common kind is the gray mongoose, which attains to about half the size of a cat. Long and low in shape, it has a small head, small feet, and a long bushy tail. It is a diurnal animal, feeds on fruit and on any animals it can capture, and does good service by unearthing and feasting upon crocodiles' eggs.

Crocodiles are very common inhabitants of the lakes, or tanks that have been constructed in Ceylon for storing water for irrigation. The brutes bask on the banks, and any person, who goes near their haunts, runs the risk of stumbling over one, hidden by the grass and brushwood.

Other lizards which most visitors try to avoid are the iguanas, prettily marked but ungainly-looking creatures, from five to six feet in length. They feed on ants and various insects, and are harmless if let alone. If

attacked, they defend themselves with their tail, with which they can inflict a severe blow.

Among the disagreeable reptiles in Ceylon are the snakes, of which, counting those found in the sea, there are seventy-nine kinds. All the sea-snakes, and three of those that live on the land, are said to be deadly. Fortunately, snakes have no wish to attack man, but glide away at the sound of his coming, so that, when walking where they are likely to be, it is wise to strike the ground as one advances.

The snake most to be feared is the cobra, or hooded snake, so called because the skin of the back can be expanded to form a sort of hood. This creature often exceeds six feet in length. When angry, it rises on the hinder portion of its body, expands its hood, hisses loudly, and by its actions and the bright glance of its eye shows its boldness and resolution.

Visitors to Ceylon are often tempted to buy some of the pretty green lovebirds that the natives offer strangers. They are very small, short-tailed parrots, and are among the pets kept in our own country. Other interesting birds are the sun-birds, weaver-birds, tailor-birds, and honey-suckers.



The honey-sucker is a tiny bird. Its dainty nest is built of moss and wool, and has a roof over the opening. Being attached to the very tip of a branch, it is set in motion by the lightest wind. The tailor-bird is another feathered builder that protects its nursery by an overhead covering. Using its bill as a needle, and a piece of bark-fibre as a thread, it stitches together the leaves above its softly lined nest, taking care that one overlaps another, in the way that slates are laid upon a roof.

But the ingenuity of these birds is surpassed by that of the weaver-bird or grosbeak, which resembles the sparrow in shape, and also in the brown feathers of the back and wings; the head and breast are of a bright yellow. Its nest is formed of long grass woven together, and is shaped like a bottle, about two feet in length.

To protect the eggs and young brood from serpents, monkeys, and birds of prey, the nest is suspended from the end of a flexible branch, the opening, as a further protection, being at the lower end. Weaver-birds live in colonies, after the manner of our rooks, so that sometimes hundreds of nests are built on one tree.

Sun-birds are dainty little creatures that

appear resplendent as they flutter over flowers, and dart hither and thither after insects. They are called flower-honey birds by the Singhalese, because the nectar of flowers forms part of their food. The most common kind have a glossy purple back and tail, a bright metallic green head and throat, and a tuft of gold under each wing. The nest is pear-shaped, formed of interwoven hair and spider's web, and lined with feathers and tufts of silky cotton.

Some of the birds attract attention by their harsh cries. One of these is the coppersmith; another is the devil bird. The former is a very common bird, with a green back and a red head. Its note resembles the sound produced by hammering metal. The devil bird is the forest eagle owl, a large, strong creature with beautiful plumage. It utters wild shrieks, piercing screams, dismal wails, and pitiful cries, so that one would fancy it was a human being in torture.

In the fish markets one sees finny creatures unlike any drawn from our own seas or inland waters. Some catch the eye by their odd shape, others by their gorgeous colouring. Among the latter are the parrot fishes, green, gold, purple, or crimson, with stripes of yellow, scarlet, gray, and black, or with rows of spots. Others,

attractive by their hues, are a perch with a dazzling scarlet skin, and the great fire fish, so named because in colour it resembles a bright flame.

Oddest of form are the moon fish—one, a ball of bright golden yellow with enormous brown fins; another, a yellow globe crossed by purple lines; a third, only four inches in diameter, silvery gray with dark gray bands, and a fourth, of like size, coloured as with bright gold, except upon the back, which is blue.

The capital and chief seaport of Ceylon is Colombo. Very picturesque appear the crowded streets with Singhalese, Moormen, Tamils, European travellers, British soldiers and sailors, and representatives of many Eastern races.

The Singhalese form the majority, being the most numerous of the four classes to which the inhabitants, not of European descent, principally belong. Both men and women carry a sunshade, wear a skirt, and have the head uncovered. As the men are generally beardless, and have a womanish appearance, strangers find a difficulty in distinguishing the sexes.

As a rule, the men wear white skirts and dark jackets, while the women have white jackets and coloured skirts. The men coil their hair





round a tortoise-shell comb, but the women simply twist theirs up in a knob.

Very few girls are seen at play, as at twelve years of age they are generally married, and housewifely duties require their attention. Every man, woman, and child may be said to live on curry and rice, since these form the chief part of their fare at every meal. The preparation of the curry is the housewife's daily care, and she prides herself on the variety she can compound, of pleasant vegetables and hot seasoning, to be served with cocoa-nut, prawns, cucumbers, and other dainties, as well as with the ever-present rice.

Both Singhalese and Tamils, men and women alike, find pleasure in chewing betel leaf, a practice that, to Europeans, appears very disgusting. The leaf is something like ivy. Before being put into the mouth, it is wrapped around bits of areca-nut and lime—substances which give pungency. A reddish liquid is produced, which stains the teeth, and the chewing is accompanied by frequent spitting.

Five hundred years before Julius Cæsar set foot in Britain, the ancestors of the Singhalese left the valley of the Ganges, and took possession of Ceylon. Some of the natives found security in the forests, and a few of their descendants, known as the Veddahs, still survive.

They dwell in the caves and forests among the foothills of the central mountains, and are as uncivilised as were their forefathers, two thousand years ago. They live on flesh, erect grass huts where there are no caves, and either go naked, or wear a slight covering of bark, which they beat until pliable, and then sew together with fibres of the jungle vines.

The Moormen, clad in white or white and red, are the descendants of Arabian merchants who settled in the island in the remote past. Of the Tamils, who are natives of the Malabar coast in southern India, some are the descendants of ancient invaders, while others are recent immigrants or their children. They are a sturdy, brown-skinned people. The men wear a turban and a white loin cloth; the women, in imitation of the Singhalese, go bareheaded.

When missionaries first gave the Tamils an opportunity of having their children educated, only the boys were sent to school, the strange idea prevailing that girls were unable to learn. The Tamil alphabet is long enough to dishearten the scholars, as it contains no fewer than two hundred and forty-seven letters.

The Tamils do most of the hard work, and

thousands are engaged upon the tea plantations. At the time of Miss Cumming's visit, Ceylon was famous for its coffee, which was so much cultivated that vast mountain districts were an unbroken expanse of coffee-fields. In 1869, the coffee shrubs began to be attacked by disease. No remedy could be found, the disease rapidly spread, the cultivation of coffee came almost to an end, and many planters were ruined.

For a time it was uncertain what crop could be raised on the land, from which the coffee shrubs had to be uprooted. Experiments were made with various products, and such a large measure of success attended the planting of tea that it became the leading industry. If the quantity exported every year was equally divided among the inhabitants of the British Isles, every man, woman, and child would receive about four pounds.

In making a tea plantation, the first thing is to clear the ground, and elephants are often employed to pull up the stumps of trees. After the spot has been cleared, drains and paths are made, and, finally, tea seeds are put in at regular intervals.

When the shrubs shoot up, they are covered with dry fern to protect them from the scorching sun. They are never allowed to grow tall, but



by pruning are kept dwarf, so that the buds and light green shoots may be plucked easily. The tender tips make the best tea.

As the plantations are on hillsides, the plucked leaves are often packed in sacks, and these, when full, are hooked on to an overhead wire, along which they travel at a great rate to the factory. There they are left to wither, and while still green are rolled until they begin to curl. After fermenting, they are dried by hot air, till they have that hard curly look so well known to us, when they are ready to be sorted before being packed. Tea-growing is chiefly in the hands of English and Scottish planters, who employ gangs of coolies.

An important product of the tea plantations is cinchona or Peruvian bark, from which quinine is made. Cinchona shrubs are grown as a protection to the tea plants. Cacao, from which cocoa is prepared, and the cocoa-nut palm are other sources of wealth.

Very different from the fresh fruit are the cocoa-nuts sold in England. The nuts, which grow at the head of the tree in clusters of ten or twelve, seem to be lumps of fibre, green while the fruit is growing, brown when the nut is ripe. The fibre is about two inches

thick, so that before it is stripped off, the fruit generally appears bigger than a man's head.

While the nut is growing, the shell under the fibre is full of delicious juice, or "milk," without any kernel at all. As the nut ripens, the kernel begins to gather and settle round on the inside of the shell, at first soft like cream, but hardening by degrees. Oil for burning, frying, and other purposes, is pressed out of the kernel, and the fibre is made into mats and cables.

The cultivation of rice, though the chief work of the natives, is less profitable than the cultivation of other products. Rice, or paddy-fields, must be very unpleasant spots for the workers, as, in order to obtain the best results, a rice-field must never be dry until the crop is fully ripe. Around every field is an embankment to hold up the water, which is let in from a canal or a river. When the ground is soaked, the surplus water is allowed to drain away, and the soil is stirred by a plough drawn by a couple of buffaloes.

Then the field is flooded again, and buffaloes are admitted to tramp about and wallow at will, a privilege they greatly enjoy. After their withdrawal, the mud

which they have churned up settles down and forms a level surface, upon which the seed rice is cast. During the growing period the water is run on and off again, until the grain is nearly ripe. Then the ground is allowed to become dry, so that the crop may be harvested. The threshing is done by means of oxen or buffaloes, which tread out the corn.

In Ceylon, as in India, great use is made of oxen as draught animals. They are guided by reins that pass through the nose. Attached to the shafts is a cross piece of wood that goes over the necks of the oxen. A hump on the back presses against the yoke, and the pressure gives motion to the vehicle.

Some bullocks that can trot fast for about six miles are used in hackeries, small two-wheeled covered carts that take the place of our cabs and carriages. The passenger sits at the back with his legs dangling over the road, the cover being so low that there is hardly room to sit upright. Larger palm-thatched carts are used for general traffic. The driver of the bullocks walks between them and the cart.

Other sights familiar to Miss Cumming by reason of her visit to Ceylon were the open

shops, and the performance in the streets of many acts which we do only in private. For instance, there was often to be seen a barber squatting on his feet, and shaving the head of a customer seated before him. Frequently it was a small boy, whose head was being made as bare as a billiard ball.

The streets of Colombo are shaded by avenues of tulip trees, which, at the flowering season, are gay with red and yellow blossom, while outside the town are shady bowers, and flowery lakes and streams. The visitor may drive for miles among feathery bamboos, various kinds of palms, and broad-leaved bread-fruit trees.

Many visitors travel by rail from Colombo to Kandy, which for two thousand years was the capital of the island. The line between the two towns is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. On the route is a noted spot known as Sensation Rock. Here the train passes along a narrow track on the side of a precipice. Far beneath is a yawning gulf, into which few can gaze without turning giddy.

When Kandy is reached, how deliciously cool the air feels after the heat of Colombo. The two places are only about seventy-five miles apart, but Kandy is some sixteen hundred feet

above sea-level, which makes a striking difference in the climate.

The old town clusters round a lake made by the last of the native kings to adorn his capital. There are long straight streets of small white-washed houses, and all around are green hills, on which the visitor may enjoy delightful drives.

When the British took possession of the town, about a century ago, it consisted chiefly of thatched mud hovels. Under native rule, whatever was regarded as a luxury was reserved for the king and the priests. Whitewashed walls, windows, and tiled roofs were for them alone, so the only comfortable and comely buildings were the king's palace, and the Buddhist monasteries and temples.

Kandy is still a stronghold of Buddhism, and many priests may be seen in the streets at all hours of the day. Among them are quite small boys, who, after a few months, may return home, and follow some worldly occupation. Young and old alike wear a long yellow robe, have a shaven head, and carry a palm-leaf fan with which to veil their eyes when they pass a woman. Often, too, they carry a little bowl for offerings of rice, as they have to live on alms.

By the side of the lake in Kandy is a strange-

looking building, with carvings of elephants in stone, paintings representing scenes in the life of Buddha, and pictures showing what will happen to bad Buddhists. The building is a temple famed for containing a piece of ivory, revered by all good Buddhists as a tooth of the founder of their religion.

The relic is kept in six jewelled boxes, or shrines, one within another. The outer covering is bell-shaped, and is made of gold studded with precious stones. The treasure stands in a dark chamber, with a solid silver door, but once a year the tooth, enclosed in its shrines, is carried in solemn procession.

About four miles from Kandy are some famous gardens, containing specimens of all the different kinds of palms which grow in the island, and many other trees and plants. Along part of the road stretches an avenue of india-rubber trees a hundred feet high, and with crowns fifty or sixty feet in diameter. Some of their roots are curled upon the ground, where they look like enormous snakes. Others have grown upward to the lower branches, which they help to support.

Many visitors buy some of the gems for which the island is famed. Cat's-eyes, moon-stones, sapphires, and rubies are among the precious stones picked up on land, while

pearls are found in oysters taken from the beds off the coast.

The fishing is carried on by divers who work in pairs, one going down while the other remains in the boat. The diver who descends grasps a rope attached to a stone hanging over the side of the boat. The rope being free to move, the stone sinks and draws the diver with it to the bottom of the sea. There he rapidly collects the oysters near him, and puts them into a net.

When no longer able to hold his breath, he pulls a rope as a signal to his companion to haul him up. The diver rests for a minute or two on the surface, and then goes down again. The process is repeated until the diver requires a long rest; then he takes his turn in the boat.

Among the many things that strike the attention of the stranger are Dutch and Portuguese names over some of the native shops. Each of those nations in turn held the island before the British took possession, and many natives still use the names which their ancestors adopted from their conquerors.

The titles of the books written by Miss Cumming indicate the wide range of her wanderings. Her works comprise *At Home in Fiji*, *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-war*,

*Fire Fountains of the Sandwich Isles, Granite Crags of California, In the Himalayas and on Indian Plains, In the Hebrides, Viâ Cornwall to Egypt, Wanderings in China, and Two Happy Years in Ceylon.* With the exception of the book on the Hebrides, each and all of the foregoing are filled with vivid descriptions of foreign scenery, of strange manners and customs, and of the birds, beasts, insects, and vegetable productions peculiar to climes other than our own.



### III.—Frederick Courteney Selous.

*A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa, Travel and Adventure in South-east Africa, and Sport and Travel, East and West*, are titles of three of the books in which Mr. Selous recounts some of his adventures. He was born in London, on the last day of the year 1851, notable as the year of the great exhibition in Hyde Park, the first of the many exhibitions of the works of industry of all nations.

As a lad, his favourite sports were football and birds'-nesting, each of which helped to prepare him for the business of his life. In the summer of 1871 he left England for South Africa, and, almost from the time of landing until 1890, was travelling about South Central Africa, making a living by hunting elephants, and collecting specimens of natural history.

From the ports on the south coast travellers may now go by train far into the interior, and branches from the main lines connect the leading towns situated on the east and west. Across large tracts, however, still far

from a railway, ox-wagons form the chief means of transport. Mr. Selous became very familiar with them in the course of his wanderings, as he used them for the conveyance of his stores and his spoils.

Thousands of oxen are kept in South Africa for no other purpose than to draw wagons. An immense number is required, a dozen to a score being needed for each wagon. Fewer would be sufficient on good roads, but many South African roads are little better than tracks. Again, bridges being few, a river has usually to be forded. The wheels sink into the soft bed, and often the oxen sink into the mud up to their bodies. As the bank is generally steep, even eighteen or twenty oxen may be unable to draw their load up it.

Under the most favourable conditions a journey by ox-wagon is accomplished at a slow rate. When going at express speed on level ground, oxen seldom do more, on an average, than fifteen miles a day. They must not be overdriven, and must have at least six hours a day for grazing. In winter they can live where a mule or a horse would starve, which is one reason why they are so largely used as draught animals.

As a rule, they are not kept in harness

more than eight hours out of every twenty-four, usually divided into two equal periods. From four to eight in the morning, and from six to ten at night, are the favourite hours for trekking or travelling.

One merit of the ox-wagon is the simplicity of the harness. The two beasts nearest the wagon are separated by a pole to which the yoke is fastened; the couples in front are attached to a wire, or hide rope, by thongs of hide. Any breakage in such tackle is easily made good.

At the head of each team walks a native, who leads the foremost oxen. With it also goes a driver, who carries an enormously long whip, the handle being formed of a kind of bamboo, while the lash reaches from the wagon-seat to the head of the team.

The wild tracts into which Mr. Selous took his ox-wagons are no longer the rich hunting-grounds which he found them. So great has been the destruction wrought by hunters that some animals once numerous are now rarely met with; and, lest all the game should be killed, regulations have been made for their protection.

The "king of beasts" is one of the animals whose numbers have been reduced. Lord Randolph Churchill saw lions trooping and

trotting along like a lot of enormous dogs; but such a sight now is hardly possible. Those that are left are confined to the northern part. They were always a nuisance, both to the white men and to the natives, who, in some districts, found it necessary to erect their dwellings on poles, in order to be out of reach of the animals.

The roaring of a number of lions can scarcely fail to make the boldest man feel nervous, although there is little danger, as lions roar only when they have feasted and feel comfortable. A hungry lion looking for a meal is as quiet as a mouse, and it is then that he is dangerous.

A hunter may be months, and even years, in a district infested with lions without seeing one, unless he has gone in search of it, although he may hear them roaring every night. Being nocturnal animals, they conceal themselves during the day in thickets and beds of reeds, a habit that occasionally causes a hunter to come upon one unawares.

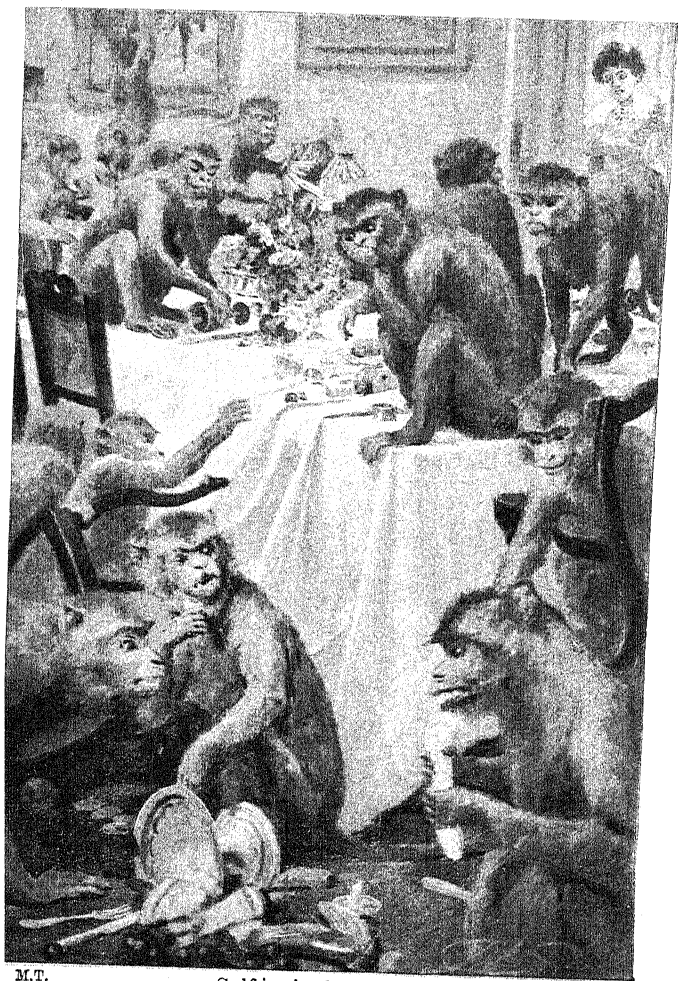
Then there are a few moments in which the intruder is in great danger, and they may end in his paying for his mistake with his life. The beast may be cowardly and slink away, but, if he shows fight, the man has need of all his nerve and skill.

South Africa harbours no tigers, those beasts being found only in Asia, but the spotted hyena is often an unwelcome visitor at the hunter's camp. The colonists call it the tiger-wolf, a name suggested by its habits and appearance.

In size, the spotted hyena resembles a large mastiff, but its head and neck are of immense thickness, and so tremendously strong that the creature can carry off an animal bigger than itself. When roused to anger, it does not fear even the lion. It has an awkward, shuffling gait, on account of the comparative weakness of its hind limbs.

It conceals itself during the day, and prowls about at night, breaking the silence with howls, and with a roar like the laughter of a madman. It slinks into the hunters' camps, and into the huts of the natives, from which it carries off young children. So gently has it taken little ones from their mother's side that no alarm has been given, until the wretched parents have heard their children's cries outside.

Carrion, however, is the hyena's usual food, and the bones left from a lion's feast help to make it a meal. No matter how hard they are, the hyena can crush them with its powerful jaws. Its method of dealing with



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them has been observed in menageries. The shin bone of an ox is broken into large fragments that are swallowed with great rapidity. The shin bone of a sheep is broken in two in a moment, and the parts are swallowed without any mastication.

No animal is so much detested as the hyena. This is chiefly owing to its horrible habit of digging up and devouring human bodies buried in shallow graves. But, in spite of its preference for human flesh, no wild animal is so easily tamed, when caught young, or exhibits more affection for its master.

Confinement spoils its temper, but, when it has its liberty and is well-treated, it will follow its master like a dog, and fawn on those with whom it is acquainted. It can be trained as a watch-dog, and used in hunting game.

As may be imagined, hunting the elephant is not without danger. Very often a wounded beast conceals itself, and awaits the approach of its pursuer. Sometimes, on being struck, it turns and charges him, or, when the hunter is in pursuit of an old bull, one of its enraged wives left behind may follow the man.

Thus the hunter becomes the hunted, until



his shot tells, the beast tires, or a companion comes to the rescue. Lucky is he if such means of deliverance soon comes, or if he can clamber up a tree. A man with a trumpeting elephant crashing after him through the underwood cannot stay to pick his path. He must clear obstacles that in cool blood would seem impassable, and must dash through thorny thickets that he would deem impenetrable.

Elephants do not gallop, but they move wondrous fast. Does not Mr. Kipling say that if an elephant wished to catch an express train he could not gallop, but he could catch the train?

In several particulars African elephants differ from those of India. The former have a raised arch on the top of the head; the latter have a dent there. The African elephant has larger ears than the Indian, and they stick out more from its head. It also has only three nails on each hind foot instead of four or five. Again, the trunk of an African elephant ends in two almost equal lips, whereas a kind of finger is noticeable at the end of an Indian elephant's trunk.

Scarcely inferior in bulk to the elephant, although looking smaller by reason of their shorter legs, are two other thick-skinned animals

—the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros. The name of the former means the "river-horse." A more suitable name would be "river-pig," the huge creature being much more like a pig than a horse in appearance.

Various points of difference between the two are at once observed, the most singular being the elevation of the eye of the hippopotamus. It is in a bony tube which lifts it above the level of the head. The creature likes to be under water with just its nostrils above the surface, and the eye being raised in this manner is above the water also.

The flesh tastes like pork or veal, a special dainty, when salted, being a layer of fat between the skin and the flesh. Whips are made from the animal's hide, and, formerly, artificial teeth were fashioned from its ivory. There was a time when the hippopotamus lived in English lakes and rivers, but it was ages before the written history of our country begins. Like the elephant, the hippopotamus is a vegetarian, and feeds chiefly on grass.

A vegetarian also is the rhinoceros, herbage and the young shoots of shrubs forming its food. It haunts the marshy borders of lakes and rivers, or swampy woods, and delights to roll and wallow in the oozy soil, and to plaster its skin with mud. But the huge creature is

as much at home in the water as on the land, and swims with ease.

Its senses of hearing and smell are very acute, and aid it more than its sense of sight does in the discovery of danger. The insects swarming on its body supply it with another means of knowledge. They attract birds, which feast quietly as long as nothing strange is in sight, but fly away when any object excites their alarm. The rhinoceros, having learned to understand this, goes on feeding with confidence while the birds are on its back; but, the moment they fly, it turns its head in all directions, and sniffs the air to catch the scent.

Among the animals which serve the hunter for food in South Africa, is the buffalo, a black beast about as tall as an ordinary ox, but far heavier and more powerful. Its horns and fiery eyes give it a terrifying appearance, and it really is very fierce. Its ears, a foot in length, hang down, and are, in a measure, protected by the horns; but they are always torn and jagged, either from wounds received during a fight, or from thorns in the dense thickets, through which it forces its way.

The buffalo is fond of wallowing in pools and swamps, where it sometimes passes the greater part of the day. It is usually met with in herds, which may number two or three

hundred. A large herd, moving to fresh pasturage, or going down to a river to drink, is an interesting sight. An old animal takes the lead, and as it advances sniffs the air suspiciously.

Sometimes, a buffalo is seized by a crocodile lying under the bank, in the water, with its eyes and the holes of its nostrils just above the surface, and its body concealed by the sedge or rushes fringing the shore. Then a terrific struggle occurs.

The crocodile, holding on to the muzzle of the buffalo with its powerful jaws, tries to make its prey lose its balance. To the weight of its body, the crocodile adds the force derived from backward strokes of its tail.

Often the buffalo proves too strong for its assailant, drags it up the bank, and finally succeeds in getting free; but, should the buffalo stumble, the weight of the crocodile will most likely bring it to the ground. Then probably it will be dragged beneath the water and drowned. An ox belonging to a team is sometimes lost in this way.

The deerlike animals called antelopes are very numerous in some parts. They are of many kinds, and vary much in size. The largest is the eland, which comes near to cattle in bulk. Unlike other antelopes, female as well as male

eland has horns, and, indeed, the horns of the female are longer than those of her partner. The eland is now found only in the wilder districts, but, its hide being valuable, it is not safe even there. In the British Museum is the stuffed hide of a bull eland shot by Mr. Selous.

Antelopes live on grass and other herbage, but sometimes their natural food is eaten by a swarm of locusts, and then they browse on those insects, which cloud the sky and dim the light of the sun. When they begin to settle, it seems as if large flakes of red snow were falling. For miles the ground is hidden, and in a few minutes every bit of green is gone.

The flesh of the smaller antelopes is dry, and a hunter soon grows anxious to secure an animal that will make a pleasant change in his diet. None is more likely to do so than a giraffe, as it is almost certain to be in good condition.

The giraffe can feed from the ground, only by straddling its legs inwards and outwards so as to lower its body; but its long legs and neck enable it to browse with ease upon foliage beyond the reach of any other animal.

Still more wonderful are the special means, by which the giraffe can reach leaves too high up even for its long neck. First, a curious joint

enables it to extend its head in a line with its neck; then, a strong upper lip can be extended several inches, and lastly, its tongue is a most extraordinary member.

The giraffe's tongue is in some ways like the elephant's trunk, but it has not the same strength. It stretches itself out like a worm, coils round the branches of trees, and draws them down between the lips. It can be extended until it is seventeen inches long, the tip then being so thin that it can be inserted in the barrel of a small key.

The length of the neck is not due to the number of bones, but to their size. As the giraffe suckles its young, it is classed as a mammal, and the neck of every animal in that class contains neither more nor less than seven bones.

That is the number whether the neck is short, as in the elephant and the mole; whether it is lengthened to allow the head to reach the ground, as in the horse and the ox, or whether it is made excessively long, as in the giraffe. The only difference lies in the size of the bones. Thus the long neck of the giraffe has the same number of bones as the short neck of a man.

Hunters in South Africa are often befriended by a kind of cuckoo called the honey-bird.

This bird has learned that, by the aid of human beings, it can feast upon the sweet food stored by wild bees, so, on finding men near a hollow tree containing honey, it chirps and flutters to attract their attention, and to induce them to follow.

The men kill or stupefy the bees with smoke, and a hatchet soon lays bare their hoard. If the robbers have no vessel in which to put the comb, a piece of bark bent up at both ends will serve for carrying some away. But the honey-bird being a meriy little fellow, who loves a joke as well as honey, the men sometimes find they have been hoaxed.

Another African bird useful to hunters is the guinea-fowl. It does not serve them by discovering hidden stores, but by forming a welcome article of food. When young, its flesh is the best of all the game birds in the continent. It is found wild, from the Cape of Good Hope to the coast of Guinea. Many broods unite and form a large flock, flying in bands, and returning at fixed hours to the springs and rivers to drink. At sunset they retire into the woods, and roost in the trees.

Sometimes a hunter discovers the curious nest of the Sociable grosbeak, a bird about five inches long, and of plain appearance. It dwells with many companions, and, by all

working together, the largest nest in the world is made.

It is built in a tree, and formed of the very long, tough, wiry kind of grass called Bushmans. A bunch of this material is laid across a suitable branch in such a way that the ends hang down on each side. These are woven together, then more grass is added and plaited, and, as the work proceeds, the structure is pushed out, in order to slope all round, and finally it has the form of a bee-hive, or of an open umbrella.

Inside this dome each pair of birds builds a nest. The thatched roof may last many years, but new cells for the eggs are built every year. As the old ones remain, the mass in course of time becomes a sort of thatched honeycomb. A colony may number two or three hundred birds.

In South Africa, an open-air camp, or skerm, has often to serve a hunter as a lodging-place. Bushes and branches of trees are cut down and formed into a semicircular hedge; stones and stumps in the enclosure are removed, and, if necessary, the ground is smoothed a little.

Next, a quantity of dry grass is collected and made into beds. At the foot of each a log keeps the grass in its place, and two



or three feet beyond a fire is lighted. The central bed is occupied by the hunter, who, for greater comfort, usually wraps himself in a blanket. The other beds are for his native servants.

After leading a hunter's life for nearly twenty years, Mr. Selous took service under the British South Africa Company. This consisted of a number of merchants and other wealthy men, who had joined together for the purpose of making the best use of lands inhabited by natives, who were quite willing they should do so.

The Company undertook to open up for trade the region since known as Rhodesia. It lies between the Congo Free State on the north, and the Transvaal on the south, and is divided into two parts by the Zambesi, the northern portion being a part of British Central Africa. The area of Rhodesia is six times the size of the British Isles.

The Company obtained permission of the British government to make laws, to have policemen and soldiers for preserving order, and judges to see that the laws were obeyed. As the privileges were granted by a document known as a charter, the Company is commonly spoken of as the Chartered Company. It has searched for minerals, opened mines, provided

farms, laid out towns, constructed roads and railways, built forts, encouraged colonists, and fostered trade and industry in many ways.

The vast tract called Rhodesia was so named in honour of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the founder of the British South Africa Company. He was an Englishman who, not being very strong, had gone to South Africa in the hope that its dry air would be beneficial to his health.

He met with little success in business, until he persuaded the various diamond mining companies to unite, when it became possible to regulate the supply of diamonds and to keep up the price. Only as many were got out of the mines as could be sold at a great profit, and, in that way, Mr. Rhodes and other large shareholders became immensely rich.

When the Chartered Company was founded, part of the southern half of Rhodesia was occupied by tribes of natives known as Mashonas, a peaceable people owning herds of cattle, and living in bee-hive huts made with stakes and long grass. Their country being well known to Mr. Selous, he was engaged to act as guide to the pioneers sent into the land. After two years of that service Mr. Selous came to

England, but in the following year returned to Africa to take part in the first Matabele war.

Then followed another visit to his native country, from which he once more went back to Matabeleland, a region adjoining Mashonaland on the south. It takes its name from its people, a much more warlike race than the Mashonas, upon whom they were in the habit of making raids. The Chartered Company said the raids must cease, and, as they were continued, a force was sent against the Matabeles to compel their obedience.

The king of the Matabeles was Lobengula, in whose character there seems to have been a strange mingling of tenderness and cruelty. It is said that ox-drivers were forbidden to use their whips in his presence, because he could not bear the sight of suffering; yet he would order subjects who offended him to be thrown to the crocodiles.

When he went abroad in state, his attendants crouched as they followed him, and uttered such cries as, "Oh, thou black elephant! Oh, thou prince of princes! Oh, thou calf of the black cow!" When he seated himself they sat around him, and, on his rising, did honour to him by exclaiming, "How! How!" in a tone of admiration.

During the first war between the Chartered Company and his people Lobengula died. No native ruler was allowed to succeed him, and his territory was taken over by the Company. Bulawayo, his capital, then a collection of rude huts, has become a town with all the necessities and most of the luxuries of civilisation. A railway unites it with the Cape ports on the one hand, and with still more remote towns on the other.

Only for two years was there peace in Rhodesia. Disease carried off thousands of cattle, and the herds were almost destroyed. This misfortune inflamed both Mashonas and Matabeles against the white men, and they rebelled. The colonists fought for their lives against odds of ten to one; the natives were driven back, and at length persuaded by Mr. Cecil Rhodes to make peace.

Unarmed, and with only three companions, he boldly went to them as they lay encamped among the Matoppo Hills, near Bulawayo. His courage and his words won over eight of the principal leaders, and the others soon submitted.

In 1901, natives and whites again assembled among those hills, not for war this time, but to show respect to the founder of Rhodesia. He had passed away, and his body had been

brought for burial in the spot which he had chosen for his grave, on a hill named by him the World's View.

Much that he desired to accomplish he was able to do, but his dearest wish has yet to be fulfilled. He longed to see a united British South Africa extending from the Zambesi to the Cape, with one parliament making laws for the common good, but each colony or state enjoying home rule—managing affairs solely its own, as in Canada and Australia.

The rebellion, which he did so much to end, was made easy by the withdrawal from the country of the police and other fighting men, who had been led by Dr. Jameson into the South African Republic, or Transvaal.

The raiders declared they were going to assist the foreigners in Johannesburg, who were being ill-treated by the Boers, or Dutch farmers. Before reaching the city, they were made prisoners by the Boers, and the leaders were handed over to the British government. Having been put on their trial in London, they were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, Dr. Jameson being committed for fifteen months.

Another consequence of the raid was that the Chartered Company was no longer allowed

to have command of a fighting force. The soldiers were put under the command of an officer appointed by the British government. Three years after the Jameson raid, war broke out between the British and the Boers, and, while that lasted, such hunting as Mr. Selous engaged in was suspended.

To know how it happens that Dutchmen and Britons are in South Africa, we must go back for rather more than two hundred years.

For more than a hundred years after the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa was left in the possession of its native inhabitants. Then the wrecking of a Dutch ship in Table Bay led to a change. The crew escaped, and, encamping on the spot on which Cape Town now stands, led a Robinson Crusoe kind of existence for five months, before other vessels arrived and carried them home.

On reaching the Netherlands, they gave such a favourable account of the country that the Dutch East India Company decided to form a settlement on the shore of Table Bay, where their ships could take in fresh meat and vegetables, and their soldiers and sailors could recruit. Other settlers went out, and, by the end of the eighteenth century, Dutchmen had

founded small towns and villages in the south-west corner of the continent, and were cultivating farms along the south coast and some distance inland.

In 1795, Great Britain was at war with France, then under the first Napoleon, and the Dutch being allies of the French, a British force took possession of the Dutch colony at the Cape. At the end of the war the colony was given back to Holland, but, during a fresh war, it was again taken by the British. In 1814, Napoleon was banished to Elba, but the Cape was not again restored to Holland, which agreed to take a large sum of money instead.

Then British emigrants went to the Cape. Some lived in the same towns and villages as the Dutch; others founded new settlements. Under their own rulers the Dutch were allowed to make slaves of the natives; but in 1833 the British Parliament abolished slavery throughout the British dominions, and a large sum of money was paid as compensation to the slave-owners. It was, however, less than the slaves' market value, and thousands of the Dutch left Cape Colony rather than submit to the law.

With their families and flocks and herds, they moved to the north of the Orange River,







*Photo: Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.*

**M.T.**

**Frederick Courteney Selous.**

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and founded the Orange Free State. At a later date, when Natal was made a British colony, a large number of Dutch farmers moved away and settled in the Transvaal, that is the country beyond the Vaal River, and there formed a republic.

After a while, gold being discovered in the Transvaal, many thousands of whites, chiefly British, were attracted thither. These "outlanders," as the Boers called them, demanded a share in the government, as, though paying the greater part of the taxes, they had no voice in making the laws.

The British government took up their cause, and tried to obtain for them what justice seemed to require. The Boers refused to remove grievances, and at length, in 1899, war broke out.

The Orange Free State joined the Transvaal Republic, and the allies scored several successes. Finally, Kimberley and Mafeking, which were besieged by the Dutch, were relieved; Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, and Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, were occupied by British troops, and the two republics were added to the British Empire. The war, however, continued to drag on until the closing days of May 1902.

Soon the Dutch, both in the Transvaal and the

Orange River Colony, showed they intended to be loyal subjects of the British crown, so, in the Transvaal in 1906, and in the sister colony in 1907, they were allowed to join with the British settlers in electing a parliament to make laws for the new colonies.

Modern towns and railway lines are changing the face of South Africa, and in a few years the hunters of wild animals will have little opportunity of emulating the prowess of such a mighty Nimrod as Mr. Frederick Courteney Selous.

## IV.—Edward Whymper.

IN the summer of 1865 there was much talk about the doings of a young Englishman in the Alps, and of his marvellous escape from death, while his nerves were still thrilling with the first flush of joy at his greatest success.

It was of Edward Whymper, now long famed as artist, author, and traveller, that people then talked. He was born in London in the year 1840, was the son of an artist, and was trained at an early age to follow the profession of wood engraver. At the age of twenty he was sent to make sketches of Mont Pelvoux, at that time believed to be the highest point of the Dauphiné Alps, and noted as one of the peaks that man had not climbed.

While making the sketches, the young artist was fired with the ambition to be the first to climb the peak, and in the following year he accomplished the feat. When standing upon the summit of Mont Pelvoux, he made the important discovery that it was overtopped

by a neighbouring peak, afterwards called the *Pointe des Écrins*.

As may be imagined, Mr. Whympers felt a strong desire to ascend the loftier mountain. It was not, however, until three years later that he climbed it, and aroused by his fresh success the admiration, perhaps the envy, of other Alpine climbers. Of course he was not yet satisfied.

From the first he had set his heart on getting to the top of the Matterhorn. Every year now tourists make the ascent, but, when Mr. Whympers first planned to do so, no one, not even the finest mountaineers, had found a way.

The first time Mr. Whympers made the attempt, he was no more fortunate than those who had gone before him. A second time he tried and failed. A third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth attempt he made, clambering over rocks, scaling cliffs, leaping chasms, crossing glaciers by finding foothold only in the niches cut with his axe in the slippery ice, enduring Arctic cold, toiling harder than a slave, carrying his life in his hand.

By whatever route he went, he always arrived at overhanging crags that could not be surmounted. The sixth attempt was as fruitless as the first. Disappointed he must have been :

discouraged he certainly was not. As with all who would acquit themselves manfully, failure only spurred him on to renewed effort.

From the way in which the mountains had been formed, he argued that, as the rocks overhung one another on the south-western side of the mountain, they would form a natural staircase on the opposite side. Upon that side, therefore, he made his seventh attempt, by what is now the usual route, and it was crowned with success.

No one scales lofty peaks without companions, and Mr. Whympers had six with him when he gained the summit of the Matterhorn. Barometers and thermometers having been examined, the little party, rejoicing at their conquest, began to descend. Step by step they were getting nearer to the welcome that awaited them, when suddenly one missed his footing, and in an instant was plunging down the mountain.

According to the general practice of climbers in dangerous places, all the party were roped together, in the hope that, if one slipped, the support of the others would help him to his feet. But in the present instance, the life-line wrought death, not life. Instead of the falling man being held up by his comrades, they were dragged down, none being in a

position to withstand the strain upon the rope.

Down they went, sliding and falling, and fiercely striving to clutch with their hands, or to thrust their feet against some roughness of surface that would stay their progress towards death. Presently the rope parted above the foremost four, and they plunged over a precipice; but the severance saved the other three, who chanced to be Mr. Whympers and two guides. Relieved of the weight which had been dragging them down, they recovered their balance, and with heavy hearts completed the descent in safety.

The Alps take up more than half of Switzerland, and send branches into other countries. The Matterhorn is one of the Swiss peaks, but, although nearly fifteen thousand feet in height, it is not the highest point of the Alps. The loftiest summit, towering a thousand feet higher than the Matterhorn, is Mont Blanc, the "white mountain," in France.

The upper half of these mountains is always covered with snow, and from their summits a large number of snow-covered mountains can be seen, as, where the Alps stand, the snow never melts, if more than eight or nine thousand feet above the sea-level.

Several Swiss mountains may now be

ascended by means of railways, and in some cases climbers have the help of ladders, fixed ropes, bridges, and huts in which to take refuge. Sometimes the climbers are caught in a snowstorm, or they meet with clouds of snow, torn off the mountains by the wind. Unless near shelter, they soon become caked in ice. The snow finds its way into their pockets and other openings in their clothes, and, being melted there, trickles down and quickly freezes again.

The climbers may have to slide down over the icy rocks, until they reach a sheltered spot. There they thaw their frozen fingers, and clear the ice from their faces, while the warm sun softens their icy garments.

In the glaciers lie great cracks hidden by snow. The snow gives way when a person steps upon it, and hardly a year passes without a sad accident at such a spot.

There are over four hundred glaciers in the Alps, some twenty miles in length, all formed of the snow which falls too high up the mountains to be melted by the summer sun.

The snow at the bottom of the mass becomes squeezed by the weight above, until it is turned into ice. The pressure also forces it out, and it is moved down the slope on which



it rests. Through being very hard, it does not melt easily, and therefore goes down far beyond the snow-line. At last, reaching a place where it is melted as fast as it arrives, it comes to an end.

The movement takes place too slowly for the eye to notice it, unless a mark is set up, and observation made after a day or more has passed. The centre moves more quickly than the sides, but even there the movement is very slow, being, in most of the great glaciers, only two feet a day in summer, and less than that in winter.

Although the eye cannot mark the motion, the ear will tell the watcher that the mass is never still, but for ever rattling, crackling, and groaning. Sometimes a glacier encloses an island of rock, dividing it into two branches. Some glaciers reach a precipice, over which they pour in a sheet, like a waterfall, or tumble in fragments.

When viewed from a distance, dark stripes, running parallel to one another like railway lines, are seen in the smooth parts of the ice. They consist of rock, shingle, and other rubbish collected by the glacier in its passage.

Sometimes these materials form heaps and ridges difficult and dangerous to cross. A ridge on a famous glacier on Mont Blanc was

found to be three miles long, a hundred feet high in the middle, and about five hundred feet wide at the base. Some of its masses of rock were as large as a house.

Another danger comes from avalanches. These are masses of snow, ice, or earth which slide down a mountain-side, and sometimes bury villages which stand in their path.

Railway tunnels have been cut through three of the mountains in the Alps, the longest piercing the Simplon, and measuring over twelve miles. Next comes the St. Gothard (sang go'tard) Tunnel, more than nine miles long, while the shortest, through Mont Cenis (mong seh-ne'), is nearly eight miles in length.

In the gaps between the peaks are roads called passes, which wind in and out, and rise slowly, through thick forests and along dangerous precipices. At the south-west corner of Switzerland is the Great St. Bernard Pass, the highest of the southern gaps, made widely known by stories of the clever, powerful dogs kept by the monks, who live there to assist lost travellers.

The Alps have been called the playground of Europe, because thousands of visitors are drawn to them every year, by the healthy and

refreshing air and the beautiful scenery. At one time, the only men who crossed the glaciers and climbed the wild parts of the Alps were chamois hunters. To-day, their sons find greater profit in acting as mountain guides.

The chamois is a goat-like antelope, dark chestnut brown in colour, and with black, curved horns. Its hair is thick, long, and coarse, serving not only as a defence against cold, but as a protection against the many bruises to which it is liable.

A German poet makes one of his characters say :

“Beasts have reason too,—

And that we know, we men that hunt the chamois :

They never turn to feed, sagacious creatures !—

Till they have placed a sentinel ahead,

Who pricks his ears whenever we approach,

And gives alarm with clear and piercing pipe.”

A loud hissing noise is the warning of danger. On hearing it, the herd look round, and, when satisfied of the peril, bound away from ledge to ledge, spring across chasms and sweep over glaciers. Wherever the chamois goes, the hunter follows, often where a short leap, or a wrong step, means instant death.

From the haunts of the chamois, the conqueror of the Matterhorn went to the island of Greenland,

where, except for a narrow strip along the south and west, nothing is to be seen but ice. He brought back with him an important collection of fossil plants, now in the British Museum, and, by proving that the interior of the ice-clad land could be traversed by the use of suitable sledges, he encouraged other explorers to visit the Arctic regions.

During another expedition, Mr. Whympersurveyed the coastline of Greenland, and then once more entered upon mountain climbing, not for the purpose of standing upon lofty summits, but that he might study mountain sickness, and the effect of highly rarefied air upon the human frame.

Mountain sickness is a malady from which travellers often suffer, when they ascend to a great height. They have intense headache, are feverish, and unable to obtain enough air, except by breathing through the open mouth. This produces thirst which cannot be quenched, partly because the sufferers have extreme difficulty in swallowing. They cannot take a good draught, but can only sip, while, before a mouthful is down, they breathe and gasp again. Another distressing thing is a feeling of utter weakness, and inability to make the least exertion.

Travellers on snow-covered mountains, or

wherever the glare of snow is always in their eyes, are also liable to snow blindness, to prevent which they shield their eyes by spectacles made for the purpose. The loss of sight is only for a time, and is not the most unpleasant part of the affliction.

The eyes are much inflamed, and light is so painful that the lids will not open. In order to make use of a healing lotion, the eyelids have to be forced open, when the patient suffers fearful pain. It is as if red-hot needles were being driven through the eyes into the brain, and so intense is the agony that it sometimes makes strong men shriek.

For various reasons Mr. Whympers chose Mount Chimborazo as the height to be climbed. Chimborazo is one of the highest points of the Andes, the lofty range which stretches along the whole western coast of South America. It begins at the Caribbean Sea, and trails off into the Antarctic Ocean like a dragon's jagged tail.

Up the Andes, in Peru, runs the highest railway in the world. Passengers leave the tropical coast at breakfast-time, and by early afternoon are set down, shivering and breathing fast, fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The mule and the llama are the animals mostly

used on the Andes. Often the track is along a narrow ledge on the side of a precipice, which rises far overhead, and goes down to unknown depths, the sight of which makes the brain reel. Immense stones in the path, steep slopes, and a slippery surface frequently add to the danger.

The safest plan for a rider is to give the mule its head, and let it have its own way. As a rule, mules plod along as unconcernedly as if on the best roads, but now and then the route is so bad that even they tremble and snort loudly with fear.

At the top of a smooth, slippery, and steep slope they stand still, place their fore feet close together, and then their hind feet, which they bring near the fore ones. Then away they slide at a great speed. Skilfully they steer themselves, sweep round the bends of the road, check the speed, now and then, with their hind feet, and stop almost exactly when and where they wish.

The llama is a near relative of the camel, but it has no hump on the back, and, as it inhabits rough and rocky places, its foot is very different from that of the "ship of the desert." From its habit of holding its head aloft, it looks much bigger than it is, as it measures only three feet in height at the shoulders.

When America was discovered, the llama was the only beast of burden in the southern continent. A Spaniard, who wrote about the llamas, three centuries ago, complained that when weary they would lie down, and, as there were no means of making them get up, either by beating or assisting them, their load had to be taken off. "When there is a man on one of them," he said, "if the beast is tired and urged to go on, he turns his head round, and discharges his saliva, which has an unpleasant odour, into the rider's face." The llama still shows its displeasure in this manner.

At the time of the Spanish Invasion of America, a large part of the Andes was in the Empire of the Incas. Through their empire ran "straight, well-made roads, one of which may be traced here and there running for over fifteen hundred miles along the mountains. Their palaces had baths and water-pipes, the like of which were hardly to be seen in Europe."

The natives built dams across valleys, to store up water, leading it by canals to the thirsty soil, and some of these works are still in use. By bridges, embankments, and stairways they carried their roads over gorges, swamps, and precipices. They appear to have

been without written language, and to have made reckonings by tying knots in cords. They had not learned the use of iron, but could make tools of copper.

On their temples and palaces was a wonderful display of the precious metals, and the sight of so much wealth made the Spaniards determined to gain possession of the country. A prince who was captured offered to ransom himself, by filling his prison with gold, up to a line as high as his hand could reach on the wall. The offer was refused, as his captors felt sure they could obtain much more by plundering the country.

A vast amount of treasure was obtained, but the greed of the Spaniards was unsatisfied. They accused the Indians of having hidden much of their wealth, and many were tortured to make them disclose the place where the supposed hoards were concealed; but the worst tortures were inflicted in vain. Belief in the hidden treasure has never died out, and every now and then persons have gone in search of it.

Few who heard of Mr. Whympers visit to their country believed he went for the purpose he gave out, the greater number feeling certain his visit was connected with the Incas' hoards, and at nearly every place he stopped, persons



waited upon him with stories of buried treasure.

The summit of Chimborazo is 20,500 feet above the level of the sea, nearly half as high again as the Matterhorn. The peak, however, does not look anything like as high as it is, because it rises from a plateau, nearly two miles above the sea. The plateau forms the chief part of Ecuador, a name meaning equator, which shows the position of the country.

The country is noted for its grand mountains. No other part of the world contains such a number of mighty peaks, more than twenty rising above the height of Mont Blanc. Many are volcanoes, and frequent and terrible are their outbursts. Earthquakes also are frequent, towns having been destroyed, and large districts ruined again and again.

One active volcano is Cotopaxi, the highest in the world, the summit being 19,600 feet above the sea-level. It can be ascended without difficulty, and those who have the courage may look down into its huge crater, where smoke and steam, and the light of fire show the burning going on below.

The grandest sight is at night, when, through smoke and steam, the cracks and chasms, half-way down and more, shine with the ruddy

Edward Whymper.



light of the internal fire. At the bottom of the cavity, supposed to be about twelve hundred feet below the rim, can be seen a lake of glowing lava, with flames travelling over its surface, and numerous sparks flying out as from a wood fire.

The crater is not circular but oval. It measures 2300 feet (nearly half a mile) from north to south, and 1650 from east to west. The sides consist of perpendicular cliffs, overhanging precipices and steep slopes. Some of the ledges hold snow; others are completely covered with sulphur.

Every half-hour or so Cotopaxi noisily blows off steam, like a giant clearing his throat, and at long intervals sends out a cloud of stones and ashes, darkening the air miles away. The warmth of the cove soon melts the snow that falls upon it, and, as the water sinks into the soil, the whole mountain steams from head to foot.

Southward rises a volcano which the natives say takes turns with Cotopaxi in breaking out. Between them stands another, which often sends up a column of glowing vapour, giving light enough near its base to read by at midnight. Chimborazo and several other mountains in the Andes, now quiet and harmless, were once fountains of fire.

The most wonderful sight on Chimborazo is the feeding of a glacier, by the downfall of overhanging ice-cliffs near the summit of the mountain. Masses of ice, amounting sometimes to thousands of tons, fall hundreds of feet without touching anything. When at length they strike the mountain, there is a crashing and thundering as of heavy guns and falling buildings. Fragments go bounding down the slopes and over the glacier, grinding against one another and the underlying ice, until they reach a barrier, over which they send an icy spray carried nearly a mile farther.

On the mountains thunder-storms occur every day. Often the climber sees the clouds below him, and looks down upon the tempest. Sometimes the clouds envelop him, and he is in the midst of the lightning and thunder. But always the sight is more sublime and awe-inspiring than when witnessed from a low level, by reason of the solitude and the multiplication of the thunder by the mountains, which repeat every clap.

On the lower slopes, the climber is in some danger from the condors, which are very numerous. These birds are found only in the New World, but they closely resemble the vultures of the old Continent. The largest are

said to measure ten feet six inches across the outspread wings, but birds of that size are rarely seen.

The condor, like the vulture, has a bare neck, which fits it for feasting on the carrion that forms its principal food. Below the bare skin is a broad white ruff of downy feathers, though nearly all the other feathers are of a bright black. It builds no nest, and the females lay their eggs on the naked rocks. The eggs are white, and from three to four inches in length.

Like the rest of its family, the condor so gorges itself as to become unable to fly, and Indians take advantage of this for their own amusement. They expose the dead body of a horse or a cow, and the birds are soon attracted. When they have eaten their fill, the Indians approach, armed with the lasso, and the condors, being unable to escape by flight, are pursued and caught.

Pumas, or American lions, are numerous in some parts of the Andes, but, though active climbers, they prefer grassy plains and marshy meadow-lands. Unlike most animals of the cat tribe, the puma is not satisfied with the seizure of a single victim, but, when meeting with a herd of animals, will kill as many as it can.

The puma is easily tamed, and becomes harmless, and even affectionate. One that was tamed was never so happy as when with those to whose company it was accustomed. It would lie down on its back and play exactly like a kitten. It was very fond of water, and frequently jumped into and out of a large tub provided for it. The body of a full-grown puma is about four feet in length, and its tail is half as long; the upper part of its coat is of a reddish brown, the rest of a lighter colour.

Much more troublesome than either condors or pumas, are those gnats we call mosquitoes. They are the cause of one of the strange sights in Guayaquil, the chief port of Ecuador. Here and there, among high-hatted and black-coated men, may be seen an almost naked man, riding a donkey dressed in trousers and jacket to protect it from mosquito bites.

Guayaquil has tram lines and other modern features, but most of the houses, and even the cathedral, are flimsily built of whitewashed bamboos. It is situated on the river Guayas, at a point sixty miles from the sea, but even there the river is a mile across, and deep enough for ocean steamers.

The Guayas and its tributaries are full of alligators, and sandbanks may be seen completely covered with the creatures lying peacefully along-

side one another. The natives pay little attention to them, and hardly regard their presence as a nuisance, although, now and then, a child is seized and eaten.

Steamers ascend the river to Bodegas, a town in which many houses stand on piles or posts, because, during the rainy season, the river rises from thirty to thirty-five feet, overflowing its banks and turning into a vast lake quite a large district. Then canoes are used to get from house to house and to the land. The dwellings are only one storey high, the walls and floors being of bamboo, and the roofs thatched with leaves.

The inhabitants usually pass the night in hammocks, strung on a verandah, but timid strangers are likely to get very little sleep. Bats flap over their faces, thousands of insects swarm down upon the candles, and other creatures of many kinds scuttle about the floor.

From Bodegas a road runs to Quito, the capital of Ecuador. It is called the Royal Road, though ill-deserving that distinction, being composed of decaying animal and vegetable matter, and therefore both muddy and evil-smelling. Passing at first through open country, it leads through a jungle, which gradually changes to forest.

All day long, the traveller upon the Royal



Road may hear, in front and behind, the snorting and braying, neighing and lowing, of the horses, asses, mules and horned cattle toiling for man. All kinds of goods are carried on the backs of animals, and returning teams bear huge bales of quinine bark. In the interior of the country very few vehicles of any kind are used, on account of the absence of roads.

Long ago the first portion of a railway from Duran, opposite Guayaquil, to Quito, was made. Instead of being used, it was allowed to lie idle, and, in consequence, soon became overgrown by the rich vegetation of the tropics. Strange, too, was the treatment of the first telegraph line from the port to the capital. The ignorant people were continually cutting down the poles for firewood, or taking pieces of the wire to repair broken harness.

By the Royal Road, a distance of two hundred and forty miles separates Guayaquil from Quito, which is situated on the lofty central plain. The highest point in Europe, where men dwell all the year round, is near the crest of the great St. Bernard Pass, in the midst of snow and ice. Quito stands nearly a thousand feet higher, but it enjoys perpetual spring. We might say that it always has our April weather, as sharp showers occur daily.

A rapid stream works a few small flour-mills, and a little manufacturing of wool, cotton, mats, hats, and other things is carried on. Drying the skins of humming-birds is one of the strange occupations, but the chief industry is the production of religious paintings and carvings, which are in great demand among the Roman Catholics of South America.

A large part of Quito is occupied by churches and monasteries, and priests wearing black and white robes are met everywhere. In its square stand the cathedral, with a green-tiled dome, the archbishop's palace, and the capitol. The city also contains a university, an observatory, a museum, and a library.

In some respects Quito resembles a European capital, but the likeness does not extend to the streets. These are so narrow that almost all the carriage of goods has to be done by pack-animals; and, as the region is subject to earthquakes, most of the dwellings are low, being built to withstand the shocks.

The houses have neither chimneys nor fireplaces, as the temperature of the air is supposed to do away with the need of fires, and cooking is done over charcoal. Generally the air is warm enough for comfort; but, when the temperature falls a little lower than usual, a fire in one's room would be very

agreeable, as slight variations are more felt where the climate is equable, than where the range of temperature is considerable.

As one would suppose, a visitor takes off his hat on entering a house, but, strange to say, expects to be asked to put it on again, and, should he not be requested to do so, asks permission. This queer custom is due to the idea that cold will be taken, if the head remains uncovered. Yet, when out of doors, these same persons will take off their hats to flashes of lightning, even when rain is falling.

Mr. Whympers found Quito lighted in much the same way as our own capital in long bygone days. Every householder was obliged by law to place a lantern, containing a lighted candle, in front of his dwelling at the close of day. The law, however, did not specify the length of the candle, so poor or mean persons provided only short pieces, and consequently the streets were soon in darkness.

When the Spaniards conquered the country, Quito was an Indian city, one of its buildings being a palace with a roof of gold. Its population then is said to have numbered half a million, but now there are only from sixty thousand to eighty thousand inhabitants, mostly Indians and half-breeds. The suburbs

are peopled chiefly by members of the ancient race, and every morning they flock into the city to sell the produce of their gardens, and other wares.

Indians form two-thirds of the inhabitants of the country, and most of them are but partly civilised. Some are small farmers ; others do all kinds of hard work for low wages, and, through being constantly in debt to their employers, are little better off than slaves.

In such a land as Ecuador the people are not obliged to be industrious. With its fertile soil and warm climate, the inhabitants, who form what is commonly called the working class, can supply their simple needs without much toil. Bananas, chocolate, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, and other nourishing and pleasant products can be obtained at trifling cost. The adults go about in very slight attire, the younger children naked or nearly so, and for a good part of the year it matters little whether one has a roof overhead, or passes day and night under the canopy of heaven.

One of the things grown in the hot coastland is the cacao tree, which has much the appearance of a tall lilac bush. In shape, its fruit is something like a short, thick cucumber, but the colour is bright lemon streaked with red. It has a thick skin containing white pulp, in which are

about thirty dark-brown seeds, very much like beans, and from them cocoa and chocolate are prepared.

One of the chief products of the highlands is the cinchona tree, from the bark of which quinine is made. The tree was named in honour of a Spanish countess, wife of a Spanish governor of Peru, who had been cured of a fever by the use of the bark. From seeds and young plants taken into British India and Ceylon, thriving plantations have been formed.

A notable native manufacture of Ecuador is the so-called Panama hat. Most of those made by hand are produced here or in Peru, but many on sale in shops are made by machinery much nearer home. A real Panama hat of the best quality takes two or three months to make, so it is not surprising that the cost should be about ten pounds. The fibres are as fine as silk, but wonderfully tough, and yet so pliant that a hat can be rolled up in one's pocket.

Few natives of Ecuador travel for the sake of seeing their country, but, whether on business or on pleasure, no one with the least respect for himself travels on foot. Wives who accompany their husbands ride the same beast as their lord. They all sit astride, but some are perched in front of the cavalier and others

behind him. In the latter case they hold on to his waist.

Now and then the stranger is amused at sight of a native farmer, who wishes to show by his dress that he is a man of importance. Usually he wears three hats on his head. He has given his Panama the protection of a white cover, and that he has hidden under oilskin to shield it from rain.

Hanging from his shoulders is a fine poncho, an article of dress something like a blanket with a hole in the middle, through which to pass the head. Buskins made of the skin of some wild animal cover his trousers. On his heels are spurs with rowels that may be as much as five inches across. Blue goggles protect his eyes, and a button-hole holds a drinking-cup.

At his side is a large knife, with which he may clear away branches from his path, and at the saddle-bow is a guitar, for use when he serenades a lady. In his right hand he carries a whip with a handle of wrought iron, as that material will not break as readily as wood, when brought violently down upon the head of his poor beast.

Away from the towns, the traveller will sometimes find that the only lodging-place is one of the tambos, or huts, provided on the trade routes,

to give shelter to the drovers, who carry their food with them, and are content to sleep in a pigsty. The animals are tethered around the hut, and plank beds are the only couches provided for the men.

Upon his return from Ecuador, Mr. Whympers wrote an account of his expedition. It forms a large volume called *Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator*. The story of his earlier mountain climbing is told under the title of *Scrambles in the Alps*. In the years 1901-5, he travelled in Canada, ascending and exploring the mountains in the neighbourhood of the "Great Divide."

Edward Whympers died in September, 1911, and was followed to the grave by many of those who had been associated with him in mountaineering expeditions.

## V.—Colonel Burnaby.

DURING the year 1876, the name of Colonel Burnaby was on everybody's tongue, and few days passed without a reference to him in the principal newspapers. He had set men talking and writing, by a long and adventurous ride on horseback to Khiva in Central Asia. Every one knew that by reason of the difficulties overcome, of the toil endured and the risks run, the accomplishment of the journey was a most wonderful feat.

Other deeds had already made his name familiar, and in later years also notable things were recorded of him; but it was his ride to Khiva that made him real famous.

His earliest years were passed in a quiet parsonage at Bedford, where his father was a clergyman. After receiving instruction at home, he was sent to the public school at Harrow. During one of the summer holidays, while only twelve or thirteen years of age, he showed his adventurous spirit by undertaking a boating trip, all by himself, from Windsor to Oxford, thence through the canal to the



Severn, up to Shrewsbury, and back again to Windsor.

He was three weeks upon the water, and travelled six hundred miles, bravely contending against currents, skilfully avoiding mud banks, weedy tracts, and the various craft that were overtaken or met, and probably passing the night in his boat, sleeping under a rug, heedless of the rough, lawless men who then infested the water-ways.

After a short stay at Harrow, he was sent to Germany, where he studied French, German, and Italian. Later in life he learned Spanish and Russian, and gained sufficient knowledge of Arabic and Turkish speech to make his wants known, when he travelled among people using those languages.

Before his sixteenth birthday, he returned from Germany to England, and persuaded his parents to allow him to enter the army. He was just sixteen when he passed the entrance examination—the youngest of one hundred and fifty candidates. In the following year he became a cornet in the Royal Horse Guards, and with that regiment he remained until his death.

Colonel Burnaby was very proud of being able to trace his descent from King Edward I., whom he strongly resembled in several ways,

and strove to imitate. Edward was one of the tallest men in the kingdom, and Colonel Burnaby was six feet four inches in height without his boots. The king's lower limbs gained for him the name of Longshanks, which Colonel Burnaby might reasonably have been called. Both were great travellers, both loved horses, and both were brave and strong.

From about the age of twenty to thirty-five, Colonel Burnaby was regarded as the strongest man in the army. He could rear straight above his head a dumb-bell weighing one hundred and twenty pounds, and could toy with one weighing a hundredweight and a half, which no other man in the camp could lift with one hand.

On one occasion his brother officers, for a joke, drove a pair of ponies into his room, which was on an upper floor. The animals went upstairs readily enough, but could not be induced to descend, so he carried them down. It was said that he tucked one under each arm and removed them in that way. Probably he had the strength, but the staircase was not wide enough for that feat.

Before gaining fame as a traveller, Colonel Burnaby was a noted balloonist. His first ascent was made in 1864, and the circumstances

attending it well illustrate that carelessness of danger, which was a strong trait in his character.

For the sake of getting fresh air and amusement, he had gone on a hot evening in July to Cremorne Gardens, in those days a fashionable London pleasure resort. A Frenchman was to make a balloon ascent on the following day, and some chaffing remarks of his companions led our hero to say he would be delighted to go up too.

He spoke without thought, and in complete ignorance of ballooning, but the Frenchman agreeing to take him for five pounds, the offer was accepted. The balloon was of the kind known as Montgolfier, from the name of its inventor. It was not made buoyant by being filled with gas, like those now used, but the power was hot air produced by a fire in the car.

The car of the balloon in Cremorne Gardens was nine feet in diameter, having in the centre an iron furnace with a chimney about thirteen feet high. Straw was stuffed into the furnace and lighted, when the flames roared up the tall chimney and far above it. Sparks flew in all directions. Some fell on the pear-shaped calico bag, and some on the trusses of straw which hung around the car.





*Photo: Fall, London.*

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Colonel Frederick Burnaby.

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The balloon seemed in great danger of catching fire, and, if that occurred while it was in the air, horrible would be the fate of the unlucky voyagers.

For half an hour armfuls of straw were pushed into the furnace; then word was given to let the balloon go, and away the huge thing went, carrying the Frenchman, Burnaby, and four others. It passed over London, and made the descent safely. Its owner completed another successful voyage, but, when preparing for a third, the balloon caught fire and was totally destroyed.

Colonel Burnaby did not again go up in a Montgolfier, but he made many ascents in gas balloons, and had more than one narrow escape. Among his voyages in the air was one across the English Channel. A Frenchman having tried to make the passage from his country to England and failed, Colonel Burnaby resolved to try England as a starting-place, and his trip was quite successful.

Having been in the army for nine years without seeing actual warfare, he obtained leave in 1868 to visit the headquarters of Don Carlos, a prince who was trying to obtain the Spanish crown by force of arms.

During the winter of 1875-6, Colonel Burnaby

accomplished his famous ride to Khiva, a quaint town of Central Asia. It is in an oasis on the banks of the Amu Daria, or the Oxus, as it was formerly called, which flows into Lake Aral, one of the inland seas of Asia.

That part of Asia through which he travelled belongs to Russia, as it did then, but, since his time, the Russians have laid a railway across it from the Caspian Sea.

Much of the surface consists of flat or hilly plains. The Russians call them steppes, and they generally look like a sea of grass. In the hilly parts streams flow into lakes, or strings of stagnant pools, whose salt water blights the ground over which it occasionally spreads. Along some water-courses are oases of timber, but elsewhere a tree is so rare that it forms a landmark.

On the richest soil the grass grows so luxuriantly that all other vegetation is choked, but poorer ground becomes bright in spring with tulips, lilies, and other blooms. Among many flowering herbs and shrubs is the honeysuckle, which in suitable places forms quite a thicket.

In the southern part of the Russian territory stretches the desert of Kara-kum, or Black

Sand, once forming the bottom of a sea, of which the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Aral are remaining parts. Here and there are tracts made fertile by moisture from streams or from canals.

In the reedy thickets of the marshes boars and wolves lurk, while the plains and hills form feeding-grounds for antelopes and wild sheep. The latter are larger than the domestic sheep, and have huge horns. Beautiful birds, as well as eagles and hawks, abound, vipers and other venomous reptiles are seen, and a pretty burrowing creature called the jerboa, that leaves its retreat only at night, makes the steppes its home.

The jerboa is a quaint little beast. He goes on his toes like a bird, and has the same gnawing teeth as a mouse. His hind legs are extremely long, while his fore paws are very short, and usually carried so close under the chin as to be hidden.

In size, the jerboa is about equal to a small rat. He has beautifully soft fur of a pale creamy fawn colour, a long tail ending in a black and white tuft, and large dark eyes. Being gentle and easily managed, and having funny ways, he makes an excellent pet. It is amusing to see him drink, as he lifts the water to his mouth



with his fore paws. In his wild state he has to keep a sharp look-out for the eagles and hawks that would gladly pounce upon him, and it is because of these foes that he seldom ventures abroad during the day.

The steppes are inhabited by nomads called Kirghiz, a name said to mean robber. They move from place to place, in order to find the best pasture for the flocks and herds, of which their wealth consists.

They prize horses above all other animals, the richest men owning thousands, which are fed in separate herds. They also possess cattle, sheep, goats, and camels, and, to help in herding, they keep dogs, which stand about midway between the savage curs of the Far East, and the faithful intelligent companions of man in Europe.

The sheep are of the fat-tailed kind, and sometimes have to be furnished with a board or a little carriage, on which the tail can rest and be preserved from injury. The fleece of these sheep is black and curly. Carpets for lining the tents are made from the wool, while the skins, with the wool upon them, are converted into hats and warm clothing.

The Kirghiz camels are beautiful animals,

nearly half as large again as the African camels. They have shaggy coats, and lion-like manes, which enable them to endure intense cold. When the Kirghiz move, the camels carry the heavy articles. During the winter, large numbers are used for drawing sleighs, laden with cotton grown in the oases. They stride through snow four feet deep, while horses on such tracks would be useless.

The long hair of the camel and the goat is woven into cloth, while from horse-hair cords and reins are made. From the hides of their animals, the Kirghiz supply themselves with whips, thongs, boots, leather bottles, and various other articles, and they live almost entirely upon the flesh and milk of their flocks and herds.

The milk of all the animals is used for food; that of sheep and goats being made into curds, cheese, and butter, and that of mares and camels into koumiss or milk-wine. To make this drink the milk is half-boiled, and then put into a skin and mixed with acid. At the end of three or four days, having been well shaken, it is fit for use. While the Kirghiz can get enough milk, they never kill an animal for food, unless it is ill, or they wish to show hospitality to a guest.

The framework of a Kirghiz tent consists of a number of sticks, five feet three inches long, connected with one another by cross sticks. Around the framework a thick cloth is hung. A roof is formed of other sticks and another piece of cloth, an opening being left for the escape of the smoke. The tents of the wealthy are furnished with thick carpets, and contain bright-coloured cushions, on which the inmates repose.

Besides movable tents, some of the Kirghiz have a fixed home in which to pass the winter. These dwellings are generally built of plaited willows or reeds, and near them is usually a stock of hay, to help the animals through the severe weather.

When the Kirghiz change their quarters, the tents are packed on the backs of the camels, and the horses carry their owners. The women sit astride, and manage their steeds with ease and grace.

While there is plenty of food for their animals, the Kirghiz live well and are happy. Much of their leisure is spent in horse-racing and games, and at wedding feasts. In one favourite game, a man gallops off with a sheepskin stuffed to represent the living animal. The others try to catch him, which they nearly always do, when rough play takes

place, many of the men being pulled off their horses in the struggle.

During the games which follow a wedding feast, a girl often borrows a fleet horse, and challenges the men to race with her. It is understood that whoever touches her first can claim her for his bride, so she tries to beat off unwelcome competitors with her whip, and to put herself in the way of the man she hopes will be successful.

Very often children are betrothed by their parents. The father of the boy hands over to the other family a certain number of sheep, as the price of their daughter. When the marriage takes place, the bride's parents, if wealthy, give the young couple the same number of sheep received from the bridegroom's father, and perhaps add a few to the flock; but if poor they will not part with any.

A man not provided with a wife goes to the parents of a girl he would like to marry, and asks how many animals they will take in exchange for their daughter. If the number named is more than he thinks she is worth, he points out her defects, and tries to get the price reduced. The poorer class get married with much difficulty, as a wife is very expensive, a hundred sheep being the average price of a young woman.

The Turcomans are another interesting people of Russian Central Asia. They were robbers and pirates before being mastered by the Russians, but now they have to keep the peace.

Some, who still remain nomads, keep to the deserts, while others have settled in villages in the oases, where they dwell in round-roofed tents. They are very fond of chess, which they play whenever they can. A railway journey usually affords opportunity for a game, and a Turcoman passenger is almost sure to be provided with chessmen, and a chequered handkerchief for use as a board.

A Turcoman is not a pleasant table companion, as he usually shovels his food into his mouth with his hand. Even his cabbage soup and boiled rice he will eat in this way, taking them straight from the vessel in which they have been cooked.

The country through which Colonel Burnaby rode is ill-sheltered from northern winds, and the climate is therefore one of extremes. In summer, the ground is baked by the sun; in winter, it is held by sharper frosts than are felt in our country. In summer, the oases produce fine crops of grapes, cotton, and tobacco; in winter, even the bread and meat are frozen, so that portions have to be hacked off with a hatchet. There are extremes, too, in the

same season. Large tracts are parched with drought; others suffer from floods, so that while some parts of the railway are blocked by sand blown on to the line, there are others where the bridges are broken down by summer floods.

To keep back the desert sand, the railway is bordered by wild oats and hedges of a useful shrub, which also serves man in another way, its wood being the fuel of the desert, where it grows more freely than anything else, because its roots go deep down through the barren and unkindly soil.

Colonel Burnaby saw the country in winter. He travelled by rail to the eastern side of Russia, and there began a long sledge journey over the Kirghiz steppes.

The sledge was somewhat in the shape of a coffin, and a most uncomfortable vehicle for a passenger with long legs. It was drawn by three horses abreast, the central animal being in the shafts, while its companions were harnessed to splinter bars attached to the sides of the sledge.

A ride of about two hundred and fifty miles brought him to Orenburg, a Russian town on the river Ural, and there he bought a sheepskin suit, such as worn by the Russian peasantry, and some of the shepherds in

Hungary. It was much more comfortable than furs and thick woollen clothes, as sheepskin garments make much the warmest clothing.

In his delightful description of his ride to Khiva, Colonel Burnaby records that, at Orenburg, he had the luxury of a wash, the first after beginning to travel in a sledge. The Russians, as a rule, have no great respect for cleanliness. Many consider a vapour bath once a week more than sufficient, and, like other foreigners, they regard the frequent washings of an Englishman as a sign that he is a very dirty person.

Russian travellers when proceeding on a long journey rarely stop on the road, except when delayed by snowstorms, or by inability to procure fresh horses, contenting themselves with what sleep they can snatch in the sledge, or while waiting at a posting station.

One reason for getting away as quickly as possible is that an official, who arrives with a special order for horses, must be served before any other traveller.

The post road ended at Kasala, where Colonel Burnaby began his ride of five hundred miles on horseback, and, there being no resting-places for travellers along this portion of the route, he had to provide himself with a Kirghiz

tent or Kibitka, in which to take shelter with his travelling companions, when a halt was made.

He set out from Kasala with his servant, a guide, and a camel driver, three camels being required to carry the personal baggage, the tent, provisions, corn for the horses, horse rugs, and firewood, the last named for use in case of a halt, where there was no brush-wood suitable for fuel.

The fertile tract in which the long journey ended is some two hundred miles long, by one hundred and forty broad. The length, therefore, equals the distance between London and York, while the breadth is about the same as the distance between London and Bridgewater. The country is still under its native ruler, who bears the title of Khan, but acts in accordance with the wishes of the Czar of Russia.

Khiva, the capital, is surrounded by two walls of baked bricks and dried clay fallen to ruin. The space between the walls is used as a market-place for the sale of cattle, horses, sheep, corn, and grass. The streets are broad, and the best houses are built of polished bricks and coloured tiles. At the date of Colonel Burnaby's visit, the windows were unglazed, as glass had only recently become known there.



Apples, peaches, mulberries, grapes, and melons grow in the gardens, but the winters are so cold that butter and milk become lumps of ice.

The inhabitants belong to various races. Those called Sarts are the most important. The men wear loose, baggy trousers, a shirt with sleeves a foot too long, so that the hands are always concealed, and a quilted dressing-gown, tied round the waist, while they also use a coloured kerchief or a shawl as a girdle. Their heads are shaven after the manner of all Mohammedans, and covered with a skullcap, around which is wound a turban, generally white.

The women dress much like the men, except for the head-covering; and, when out walking, they wear a black horse-hair veil which completely hides the face.

The Khivans were much amused to see their visitor write from left to right, and were greatly astonished to see him eat with a knife and fork, articles not used by the natives of Central Asia. Another traveller records that a chief, who was watching him as he ate, begged Allah to preserve him, every time he carried his fork to his mouth.

Colonel Burnaby wished to proceed from Khiva to India, but the Russians prevailed upon

the Duke of Cambridge, then at the head of our army, to demand his instant return to England. In the years that followed he made a long journey in Asia Minor, and, having taken advantage of his annual leave to go to the seat of the war between Turkey and Russia in 1877, was with the Turkish force during its retreat from Plevna. Later, he married an Irish lady, and made an unsuccessful attempt to enter Parliament.

In 1884, Colonel Burnaby took part as a volunteer in the fighting in the Sudan between the Egyptians and the Arabs. When his leave again came round, he once more hurried to the Sudan, where Lord Wolseley, who had gone to the rescue of General Gordon, was fighting against the Arabs under a leader called the Mahdi.

Colonel Burnaby's services as a volunteer were accepted, and almost immediately he was engaged with the enemy at Klea. That day of battle, January 17, 1885, was the day of his death. In a hand-to-hand contest with a number of the Arabs, he was struck down, and died where he fell.

When his countrymen began to take account of what he had accomplished in a life of little more than forty years, they marvelled that he had been able to do so much. The secret lay

in his orderly methods. He had appointed hours for his work, and he was an early riser.

The books that Colonel Burnaby wrote are four in number. One is a military work; the others are respectively entitled, *A Ride to Khiva*, *On Horseback through Asia Minor*, and *A Ride Across the Channel and Other Adventures in the Air*.

## VI.—Arminius Vambery.

So varied has been the career of this distinguished explorer and linguist that a sketch of his life might fitly be called, "From peasant's hut to emperor's palace." The story of his early days is a record of poverty and misery, of his dauntless courage in the pursuit of knowledge, and of the love and devotion of his mother.

By birth he is a Hungarian Jew. His father was renowned for knowledge of the laws and traditions of his people, but, unhappily, he neglected his business for study, and his young wife and children were, in consequence, reduced to great straits. He died of cholera, which ravaged Europe about the year 1830.

His widow, left with a little daughter and Arminius, then an infant, laboured to support herself and her children, and established a thriving business. Then she married again, and, her second husband being an idle fellow, hard times returned.

Notwithstanding her poverty, the mother resolved that her son should be a scholar. Having

a good memory, and finding pleasure in learning, he made rapid progress, though he often went hungry to school.

When about ten years old, he began to earn his own living by teaching Hebrew to the son of a Jew, and, for several years, taught and studied, most of the time dressed like a beggar, and getting hardly enough food to keep him alive, but always giving to his books every moment of his leisure.

Being a Jew, he often met with ill-treatment in the streets from those who prided themselves upon being Christians. They jeered at him, called him insulting names, and pelted him with stones; and their conduct was specially cruel because he was a cripple.

While still an infant, Arminius became lame. His mother tried many supposed remedies, and, whenever she heard of a man who professed to cure cripples, off she went with her dearly loved son, trudging weary miles where there was no friendly carter to give them a lift.

But all she did was in vain; the boy had still to use his crutch. When about fifteen years of age, he was able to exchange his crutch for a stick; but he has always been lame, a fact which must increase our admiration of his exploits as a traveller.



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M.T.

Arminius Vambéry.



While a college student in Presburg, an important town on the Danube, his studies were interrupted by the outbreak of war. Schools were closed, lectures were discontinued, and, worse still for Arminius Vambéry, the mob began a regular persecution of the Jews, plundered their houses, destroyed their property, and cast the Jewish colony into despair.

The war, known in history as the War of Independence, broke out in 1848, and was waged between the Hungarians and the Austrians. In long bygone days the Hungarians lived under their own kings, with the city of Presburg for their capital. It still retains the ancient cathedral in which the sovereigns were crowned, and the famous mound on which one of the most important of the coronation ceremonies was performed.

This mound, known as the Königsberg, or king's hill, is composed of earth brought in equal quantities from all the provinces of Hungary. It is about fourteen feet high, has a sloping ascent on one side, and on the other three is enclosed by a stone balustrade. Up to the balustrade the new king has to ride, draw there the sword of St. Stephen, the first king of Hungary, strike the blade north, south, east, and west, make the sign of the cross with it in the



air, and swear to protect the interests of all his subjects.

In the year 1526 (about the middle of the reign of our King Henry VIII.), the Turks, who had long been threatening Hungary, obtained possession of the country, and held it for nearly one hundred and eighty years. Then, by a treaty of peace, it was handed over to the ruler of Austria, an event which led, a hundred and fifty years later, to the war which we have just mentioned.

In the story of his struggles, Mr. Vambéry speaks well of the real Hungarians, or Magyars, but not of the Slavs. To understand the story of Hungary, we must bear in mind that it is inhabited by people of various races, differing from one another in language, manners, and customs.

In certain parts nearly all the people are Slavs, in others they are mostly Germans. Here they are Wallachs, there Serbs, and indeed there are no fewer than seventeen nationalities and sects, of whom the Magyars are the most numerous and form the ruling race.

Both poor and rich are proud of their country and creed, and nothing in the world can so offend a Hungarian as to ask him if he is a German, or of any other nationality. "I am a

Hungarian," he will instantly reply, with pride and indignation.

Speaking generally, the Magyar is a born gentleman, and therefore treats others with respect. This is shown in a striking manner, in the way in which the children of a family address and speak of their nearest relatives. They call their parents Mr. Father and Mrs. Mother, while their brothers and sisters are Mr. Elder Brother, Miss Elder Sister, Mr. Younger Brother, Mrs. Elder Married Sister, Younger Mrs. Sister, and so on. Only among the Hungarians is this strange custom found.

Perhaps the reason is the same as that given to an English visitor in Ireland, who found lodgings in a peasant's humble home. On every side was evidence of poverty, but the children always addressed their father as "sir" and their mother as "ma'am." The visitor expressed surprise. "Madam," said the man, "if we did not teach our children to be respectful to their parents, how could we expect them to be so to their neighbours and to strangers."

The Magyars are fond of the lowlands, and are found chiefly on the Plain of Hungary. At first they were nomads, living on the produce of their flocks and herds, as do the wandering tribes of Asia at the present

day.' Many are now engaged in agriculture, growing wheat, maize, and hemp; but horse and sheep breeding, cattle and swine rearing, still remain the pursuits of large numbers.

The flocks of sheep on the Plain of Hungary are enormous, often numbering many thousands. How well-nigh fabulous is the number of sheep held by the chief of the Magyars, is amusingly illustrated by a story told, respecting the visit of a German nobleman to a Hungarian magnate.

The immense extent of the latter's estates astonished the German, who said, "I thought my estates were the largest in Europe, but I see that I was mistaken. Vast as is the area of my land, it is but a tenth of the quantity you possess. However, although you have the greater number of acres, I have more sheep than you."

Thereupon the Hungarian sent for his steward, and inquired the number of his sheep. "It is impossible to say at once," was the reply. "There are flocks on thirty puztas (grazing grounds), and it will take some time to ascertain the size of each."

"Well, can you tell me how many shepherds we employ?" the great man asked.

"Yes," was the answer, and the steward named the number.

The German nobleman heard it with amazement: it actually exceeded the number of his sheep.

Horned cattle are abundant in certain portions of the country, and are used for drawing ploughs upon the farms and carts upon the roads. Although bullocks are rarely put in harness in England now, they are much used for draught in Hungary, as well as in other parts of the south of Europe.

The Hungarian, however, specially prides himself upon his horses, and in riding, driving, and racing he has no equal. He bestrides a horse with an easy grace which comes by nature. The two together seem to be a very Centaur, for, so in unison are the movements of the rider with those of his horse that he looks a part of the animal on which he sits.

A noble trait in the character of the Magyars is their hospitality, which knows no bounds. A guest is overwhelmed with kindness by his host and hostess, and the longer the visit the greater is their delight.

Before the days of railways, when guests arrived in their own carriages, it was a

common practice for the wheels to be removed and hidden to postpone departure. And this hospitality is not shown only to casual visitors. Poor friends, tutors, and companions are retained as welcome guests for several years, and often for lifetime.

The Magyars also, no less than the Jews among them, pay keen attention to the education of their children. With some it is the practice to exchange their children for a time, that they may learn a language not commonly spoken near their own home. But there is one language which hardly any Magyar will learn or use, and that is German.

The vast plain on which many Magyars dwell has been likened to the pampas of South America, on account of its wide grass-clad tracts. There are also sandy pastures that remind the traveller of the steppes of Asia. Here and there are oases of wheat-fields and clover, or marshy wastes and shallow lakes, from which rise tall reeds, the haunt of innumerable wild-fowl; or, the eye may light upon a dark pine forest, with, perhaps, an eagle soaring over it, and looking like a speck against the sky.

There are vast stretches with nothing to distinguish one part from another. In front

and behind, to right and left, it is the same dead level, with scarcely an object on which to rest the eye. Sometimes a mirage deludes the traveller with the image of a lake bordered by forest trees.

Among the sights of the plain are the shepherds, each with his crook, and sheepskin cloak, worn the woolly side outwards if the weather is hot. The shepherd can be scented from afar, and the scent is most unpleasant to the stranger. It comes from the grease with which they cover their bodies, to prevent injurious effects from the sudden changes of temperature common in Hungary.

"In summer take thy fur cloak," is a saying of the peasants. Let the weather be ever so warm, it is not wise to go even a day's ride without a warm overcoat.

The Plain of Hungary takes the second place for size among the plains of Europe, and enclosing much of it are the Carpathian Mountains, second in importance of the mountains of Europe. They are generally clothed with wood to a height of more than four thousand feet, the height of the loftiest British mountain.

They contain lofty peaks, steep precipices, narrow ravines, craters of extinct volcanoes, and cones formed of the lava and ashes cast

out of the interior of the earth. In few parts of the world is there grander scenery than among the Carpathians.

On the south-east two arms enclose a part of Hungary, which has been called "The Odd Corner of Europe." Upon our maps it bears the name of Transylvania, meaning "Beyond the Forest," and referring to the woods dividing it from the rest of Hungary. The Hungarians, however, term it "Forest Land," a name that suits it well.

Many of its inhabitants belong to a race called Wallachs. Ages ago their ancestors overflowed from neighbouring Rumania, and, being a fierce and savage people, they burned the villages and pillaged the lands of the peaceful dwellers in their path. At last, by the law of Hungary, all Wallachs in the country became serfs, and so remained until 1848.

Unfortunately, they were not prepared for freedom, and many took to a life of idleness, when there was no master to make them work. As a race, they have not yet learned to be industrious, but are content to live from hand to mouth.

Many Wallach villages are miserable-looking places, the houses mostly being mere wattled wigwams without chimneys. Attached to these

hovels are patches of rudely fenced gardens, and enclosures for cattle.

Most Wallachs are shepherds and herdsmen. They hate forests, and have done much damage by burning down trees, to make clearings for sheep pastures. Their plan is to strip off the bark that the wood may dry, and in the following year set the trees afire.

In the extreme south-east of Transylvania is the iron manufacturing town of Kronstadt. Its streets, especially on market-days, always contain much to amuse and interest strangers. Dressed in sheepskin, and each followed by a savage wolf-like dog, are Wallachs who have brought sheep or cattle to sell. Long wagons, drawn by four horses abreast, pass along with country people, wearing cloaks of snow-white sheepskin, or white leather coats, richly embroidered and lined with black fur.

Girls attract attention by their drum-shaped hats, matrons by their head-covering of a closely twisted white kerchief, and Wallach maidens by their braids of plaited black hair, and the coins hanging over head and shoulders, for adornment now, and for their dowry when they marry.

No one can travel much in Hungary without



meeting many gipsies, as they form one of the principal sections of the population. They are said to have come from Hindustan, and to have entered Hungary in the fifteenth century. At first they had not the same rights as the other inhabitants, and any one who killed a gipsy had to pay merely the same as if he had killed a dog.

Many gipsies live in huts outside the villages, and lead a settled life after the manner of their ancestors for several generations; but a large number still dwell in caravans, and wander all over the country. The men of the former class are mostly employed in brickmaking; those of the latter class pretend to be blacksmiths and horse-dealers, but live largely by thieving. Hungarian gipsies have a fine ear for music. Many are skilled musicians, and some have gained fame all over the world. The favourite instrument is the violin.

Transylvania contains a large number of gipsies, who have a fixed dwelling-place, but, as a rule, their houses are even more primitive than those of the Wallachs. They are made in the same way, being constructed of plaited sticks plastered with mud, but are so low that a man can hardly stand upright in them, and often the earthy covering is allowed to become

so overgrown with grass that the hovel looks like a great ant-hill. Many of these poor people are extremely clever in making wooden utensils.

Mr. Vambéry tells us that when, as a boy of thirteen, he first saw Presburg, he never ceased to admire the one-storeyed houses with their many windows, plain proof that the dwellings he had been used to see were very humble structures.

However well off a Hungarian peasant may be, he rarely occupies more than one room. The furniture generally consists of a bed, a table, two or three chairs, and a lovely painted sideboard (the dowry of the wife). During the summer, most members of the family sleep amongst the hay in the courtyard, but in winter all sleep in the one room, the children usually lying on the bare floor.

The war of 1848 made a great difference in the lot of the peasants of Hungary. Before it took place, the state, the church, and the nobles were the sole landowners. A person not of noble rank could not obtain a piece of land by purchase, or even as a gift, as the law would not allow him to hold it.

On each estate certain portions were allotted

to the peasants. For this privilege they gave the owner a tenth part of the produce, and worked for him without pay for a certain number of days every year. Spread over the twelve months, these days of forced labour would be two or three a week, but the lord could have them one after another, so that some peasants had to give all their time during seed-sowing or harvest, when, of course, their own land needed attention.

The lord was judge over his tenants, and even his bailiff had the right to give twenty-five lashes to a peasant who disobeyed orders. Another strange thing was that, although the nobles had all the privileges, the peasants paid all the taxes.

With the exception of one class of persons, the peasants were free to move from one part of the country to another, so that sometimes they could escape from a bad landlord, by taking service under a better one. The gipsies, however, were not allowed to take service away from the place where they were born.

A story told by a traveller, who rode through the country nine years before the outbreak of the war, shows how badly the peasants had been treated, and of what little account they were. An old countess lamented that the peasants were not as respectful as they had been. As an instance

of their good behaviour in the past, and of what had been expected of them, she said she could remember walking to church on the backs of peasants, who knelt down in the mud to allow her to pass over them, so that she might not soil her shoes.

No wonder the time came when the peasants rebelled. A few nobles, who were wise enough to see that their country could not be prosperous while the people were unjustly treated, helped to arouse and arm the peasants.

The chief leader of the Hungarians was a patriot named Kossuth. He wished not only to have better laws for his country, but to set her free from Austria. He did not succeed in winning her freedom, because Russia interfered to prevent him, but the war brought about a vast improvement in the condition of the inhabitants.

As a result of the war, the peasants became free men, and landowners also, the law giving to each tenant the land he was holding.

Officers were appointed to make a list of all the owners of land, and to set down against the name of each a description of his property. This has proved a good thing for persons who wished to buy or sell land, as they have not to pay large sums to lawyers to do the business for them. The officials who keep the register of landowners

have only to insert the buyer's name in place of the seller's.

From other countries, and especially from England, the Hungarians learned how to make roads and bridges, and how to use steamers on the rivers. They also bought English horses to improve the breed of their own, and English machinery for use on the farms.

The Hungarians call themselves the English of the East. They admire us because we have so much freedom, and are grateful because, when Kossuth was obliged to leave his own country, he was warmly welcomed in England. Many Hungarians can speak English. They read English books, and they delight, even more than the English themselves, in seeing Shakespeare's plays acted in their theatres.

When Professor Vambéry was a little boy, the peasants liked to barter instead of buying and selling for cash, and the practice has not yet died out.

A housewife who requires groceries will carry to the shop little parcels of maize, beans, eggs, and other products of the farm, and offer them for the articles she needs. All other things that cannot be made or grown at home are procured, if possible, in the same way. It is, of course,

a very wasteful method. Often the farm produce that the peasant parts with represents three or four times the value of the goods, which he receives in exchange.

This old mode of paying in kind is also used for paying the village priest, the church organist, the schoolmaster, and other public servants. They receive a small cash payment from the village authorities, and every peasant has to contribute a certain quantity of corn, potatoes, hay, and other produce.

In some places, every child attending school in the winter used to take two pieces of wood for the fire. In a large school much more fuel would be received than was required, and, as the surplus became the property of the teacher, it often made a useful addition to his income.

When Professor Vambéry was a schoolboy, he liked learning languages better than any other lessons. By the time he was eighteen years of age, he was master of his two native languages, Hungarian and Slav, could read German, French, and Italian, and knew Hebrew and Latin.

He continued to devote his leisure to the learning of foreign languages, and Spanish, Danish, Swedish, English, Greek, and Russian were among the European tongues he added

to his store. Then he began to study Turkish, which, in time, he spoke like a born Osmanli. Later, he learned Arabic, and so mastered Persian that his use of it enabled him to pass as a native of Persia.

For many years he has been Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Buda-Pesth. The double city stands on both banks of the Danube, and has supplanted Presburg as the capital of the kingdom. On its quays and in its streets mingle Magyars, Serbs, Rumanians, Slavs, Bulgarians, and gipsies. Most are attired in their picturesque national costumes, so that to a stranger it seems as if a carnival is in progress.

Although divided only by the Danube, the two cities are strangely unlike. Buda, the older, contains the fort, the royal castle, important public buildings, and some celebrated mineral springs, and its inhabitants mainly use the German tongue. Pesth is more prosperous through manufactures and the trade of the Danube, but a more remarkable difference is in the language of its inhabitants.

All the shops and streets bear Hungarian names, and scarcely a citizen who knows German will use that language except to a stranger. When the last century was

drawing to a close, the Magyars insisted upon the general adoption of their own tongue, and shopkeepers, who had German names, were obliged to translate them into Hungarian, in order to keep their Hungarian customers.

At the close of his college days, Professor Vambéry took to teaching for a living, but soon, seized by a fierce desire for adventure, he determined to travel to the East. He journeyed to Constantinople, where he remained four or five years. Then he became a wanderer in Asia Minor, through which he travelled as a Turk, a disguise that was needful for his safety.

During a second journey, which extended through Persia to Herat in Afghanistan, he travelled as a dervish or mendicant friar. Often he had to herd with natives swarming with vermin, and to take food which a beggar in England would not touch.

He suffered bitterly from cold, hunger, and hardships. He had always to be on his guard against betraying himself by word or action, as some of the fiercer Mohammedans would have put him to death, had they known he was an impostor.

On his return to Europe, he had several interviews with the Sultan of Turkey, and



along the road on which he had tramped as a destitute adventurer, when first setting foot on Turkish soil, he now rode in a royal carriage. He visited England, where he lectured and was fêted, was received at Sandringham by His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, and dined with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

## VII.—Harry de Windt.

It would be almost as easy a task to make a list of the countries not visited by Mr. Harry de Windt, as to set down those in which he has travelled. He is familiar with gay foreign cities, and sparsely-peopled lands, with tropical countries, and with tracts bordering on the Arctic region.

His earliest days were spent in Paris, where he was born in 1856, memorable as the year in which the victorious French and British soldiers with their allies returned from the Crimea. At the early age of twenty he became aide-de-camp to his brother-in-law, Rajah Brooke, an Englishman, who had obtained the government of a native state in the large tropical island of Borneo. Mr. de Windt held his position for a couple of years, and since then much of his life has been spent in travel.

He has journeyed from Pekin to France by land; has ridden to India from Russia, by way of Persia; has visited the Siberian mines and prisons; has explored the Klondike gold-fields, crossed Lapland in winter, travelled through the

Balkan States into Russia, and passed through Finland from Russia to Sweden. In attempting to travel from New York to Paris by land, he nearly perished in Behring Straits, where he was rescued by a whaler.

In the last year of the last century he set out from Paris in the hope of reaching New York by land, but, on arriving at St. Petersburg, found all his plans upset by the outbreak of war in the Far East. He had intended travelling across Siberia by rail. The Russian soldiers, however, had taken full control of the line, and foreigners were not allowed to become passengers.

St. Petersburg, the chief city of Russia, was founded by Peter the Great in 1703. Its site was a dreary and unhealthy swamp, with no living creatures upon it but wild beasts. Most men would have thought it impossible to build a city in such a place, but Peter was a man who laughed at difficulties. He set three hundred thousand men to work, and, although a hundred thousand of them died, he built his city.

The workmen had to drive piles into the boggy ground, to make a firm foundation for the buildings and roadways; and for many years every cart and ship that entered the new city was compelled to carry in a certain quantity of stones.

The streets of St. Petersburg are long and straight, and are called "prospects." One is three miles in length. Chief among the buildings is the Winter Palace of the Czar. When he is living there, the palace contains about six thousand persons, many of whom are soldiers.

Through the city flows the River Neva. Some of its bridges are so made that they can be removed every winter, to permit sledges to travel freely on the ice. Winter lasts from the end of October until the beginning of May, and during all that time the river is frozen.

The winter is so severe that butchers' meat and fish are sold frozen in the shops, and can be cut only by a saw. Immense stoves and double windows keep the houses warm. The rich wrap themselves in thick furs when out of doors, and the poor use sheepskins. The summer is so hot that those who can afford to do so leave their townhouses and live in the country.

To the eyes of a stranger, St. Petersburg seems full of soldiers. Everywhere he sees men and boys in uniform, but in time learns that few of these military-looking individuals belong to the army. Some work on the railway, others are tramwaymen, porters, postmen, street cleaners, clerks in public offices, university students, or

even schoolboys—for every boy at school wears a uniform.

To the north-west of St. Petersburg, and only a short ride by rail, is Finland, a country a little larger than the British Isles, and forming part of Russia. Through it Mr. de Windt resolved to travel, as it was a land to which he was a stranger.

Entering Finland by rail from St. Petersburg, a visitor arrives at the frontier town of Viborg. Thence he can journey by rail to Helsingfors, the capital, situated on the south coast, and from that to Tornea, the most northerly town in Finland. But to see the country to advantage, one must halt at many places, and travel sometimes by steamer, and sometimes with post-horses. The natives are very hospitable, and the stranger finds much to interest him in the natural scenery, and in the curious ways and customs of the people.

Names of streets and roads, and other public information, are often given in three languages—Russian, Swedish, and Finnish. For about six hundred years Finland belonged to Sweden, but, in 1809, was taken possession of by Russia. The inhabitants of the capital, and along the south and west coasts, are mostly of Swedish descent. English-speaking visitors are often surprised at being addressed in their own tongue

by a Finnish working man. Numerous Finns serve as sailors on British vessels, and learn the language through hearing it spoken by their companions.

Finland has been called the Scotland of Russia, being a land of waters, rocks, and dark woods. Its native name means the land of fens and lakes. A tenth part of the country is completely under water, and about a quarter of the land consists of bogs and marshes.

Along the coasts stretch thousands of small islands, and the interior of the country is dotted with lakes. One lake, the Saima, contains thousands of green islets, which help to make it a most beautiful sight. At its outlet is the Imatra, the finest waterfall in Europe, both from the beauty of the scenery and the volume of water.

Finland has a short, hot summer, and a long, cold winter, but the Finlanders prefer the latter to the former. For the farmers and peasants, and outdoor workers generally, summer is a time of hard toil, as so much has to be done during the few months, when the streams are flowing and the soil is unfrozen.

Much of the pleasure summer might bring is spoilt by swarms of hungry mosquitoes, which attack man and beast. These and other winged pests cause one of the strange sights in the

country. At milking-time fires are lighted near the homestead ; to these the cows advance of their own accord, and stand in the smoke. The reek keeps off the gnats and flies, which would otherwise so torment the animals that milking would be impossible.

Persons with leisure may go boating and fishing, there being streams and lakes in abundance, while some of the water is rich in trout and salmon. Summer is a great time, too, for picnics, and for musical festivals. But winter is the season when young and old, rich and poor, can most freely indulge in recreation.

Skating, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, ski-running, sledging, and ice-boat sailing are among the winter sports, and contests take place in each of them. Skating is a national pastime. Men, women, and children skate. Journeys of sixty miles a day are not uncommonly made in paying visits to distant friends. Boating on the ice is most exciting, the speed at which the wind drives the boats along being always great, and sometimes terrific.

Dancing and music parties, both in towns and in villages, occupy long winter evenings. The Finlanders are born musicians, and have their own national instrument, a kind of zither, called the kantele.

The peasants spend many an hour at the

fireside in telling stories, quoting proverbs, and asking riddles. They also use their spare time in preparing for examination by their parish priest, who takes advantage of the winter to pay pastoral visits, in the course of which he puts questions to test the progress made in the study of the Bible, prayer-book, and hymn-book which are found in every house. The pastor also has to hear the young people read, as none may marry who cannot read the Bible from end to end.

One of our countrymen has called Finland a "Land of Schools" on account of their number, and the high esteem in which education is held. The natives are also very pious. Nearly all are Protestants of the kind known as Lutheran. On Sunday mornings the streets are deserted, while service is being held in the churches. Every one who is able to do so goes to worship. In the afternoon the people feel free to join in sports and pastimes, and, in summer, to listen to a band.

Sledges in winter and carts in summer are much used in the country districts for getting to church, as many persons have to travel long distances. Sometimes as many as a hundred horses are tied to the fence around a church. In summer, a boat often affords the best means of reaching the place of worship.



In some districts large boats are kept for the purpose of conveying the people. Some hold a hundred persons, and all who are able take a turn in rowing, which is done by perhaps twenty or thirty at a time.

Every village has not a church, and some are so far from one, when the water-ways have to be followed, that the boat starts on Saturday evening. The passengers either put up at the farmhouses, or, if the weather is fine, lie down under the trees. Being thrifty folk, their best clothes are carried in bundles, to be put on just before going into church.

Standing at various churchyard gates in the southern part of the country is the wooden figure of a man, painted to look lifelike, and having in one hand a slot for the reception of alms. The Finnish name for the quaint figure means the "poor man." Another curious custom is to paint on a tombstone the face of a clock, with the hands marking the time at which the dead person passed away.

The water-ways of Finland form a striking feature of the country, being mainly lakes and canals. So numerous are the former that the country has been called the "Land of the Thousand Lakes," but it might, without error, have been named the "Land of Six Thousand Lakes." The rivers for the most part contain

rapids and waterfalls, and are chiefly of use in giving motion to machinery, and carrying down logs.

Birches and pines cover immense tracts, and what the people would do without their birch trees, it is impossible to imagine. Of birch bark they make shoes, baskets, flower vases, satchels, bags, boxes, salt-cellar — even an entire suit of clothing, for there is one exhibited in the museum at Helsingfors.

The bark is carefully cut from the growing trees, and dried in the sun before being used in the manufacture of articles. Much is cut into ribbons that have to be plaited, a work in which even very young children engage.

Huge stacks of boards and logs attract the attention of the traveller. At Kotka there are often a million logs awaiting exportation. The trees are cut down in the autumn and winter, and their trunks drawn on sledges to the nearest water-way, where they lie on the ice until the thaw comes.

Along some routes men with long poles are stationed on the bank, to prevent the logs from becoming fixed. When the route is along a chain of wide, deep lakes, the trunks are formed into immense rafts, on which live two or three men and a horse. The animal has to pull up the anchor.

One interesting spot is near the town of Oulu. Extending for half a mile along the waterside are huge piles of barrels of tar, awaiting exportation by steamers. What a fire there might be if a spark fell on the 70,000 to 80,000 barrels collected there! On one occasion the store was set ablaze by an English admiral as an act of war, and his deed has not yet been forgiven by the Finns.

The tar is of the kind known as Stockholm, because, when Sweden owned Finland, it all had to be sent to the Swedish capital. It comes from a pine forest in the north, covering a tract as large as Wales. Strangers who go thither wonder to see trees of a certain size stripped of a portion of bark. The stripping is the first step in the production of the tar, which is carried on during four or five years.

Not quite all the bark is removed, because that would kill the tree, a strip about two inches wide being left on the north side. The first year all the rest is removed to a point about as high as a man can reach; the next year a higher portion is taken off, and so the stripping goes on. The bared part becomes covered with a thick, yellow fluid, which will be converted finally into tar.

Every autumn workmen fell the trees ready for removal. Having been cut into proper

lengths, the logs are put into a kiln, a structure that has been likened to a huge soup plate resting on posts. Perhaps the logs of over a hundred trees are piled up, set on fire at several points, and, for ten days and nights, kept burning.

The heat makes the tar run. It drops to the bottom of the kiln, and thence flows through a wooden pipe into a barrel placed to receive it. From sixty to two hundred barrels can be filled from one kiln-load of wood. As each is filled, the watchman summons a comrade to help him to remove it, a full barrel weighing far too much to be displaced by one man.

The barrels are taken from the kiln to the nearest water-way by a very clever method. To each a kind of axle is fastened by a simple contrivance, while from the axle project shafts attached to the collar of a pony, which trots off with its strange carriage.

Very curious, too, are the boats which convey the tar down streams and across lakes to the seaport. They are generally from thirty-five to forty-five feet long, but never more than four feet wide ; and that, or a foot more, is the height of the sides, which, when the boat has its load of twenty-four or twenty-eight barrels, are only a few inches above the water.

The boats must be narrow, in order to avoid

the rocks of the whirling, foaming cataracts lying in their course. They are made of planks only three-quarters of an inch thick, and these not nailed together, but merely tied with thin birch twigs threaded through holes bored for the purpose. But the thinness of the boards, and the manner in which they are joined, make for the safety of the craft, as she will only bend under blows that would break up a stoutly-built boat.

A tar boat sometimes has on board only a boy or a girl, who is cleverly steering it with a paddle; but some stretches of water are so dangerous by reason of rocks that only the most skilful man can take a boat through them. When the wind is favourable, a tar boat carries a big square sail.

The wharf from which the tar is shipped is one of the few spots in the country where coal may be seen. As Finland possesses no coal-mines, coal is an article within the means of but few of the inhabitants, and is quite unknown in the interior.

Wood is the fuel used in houses, in railway engines, and on the lake and river steamers. But no wood-burning steamers are allowed to approach the tar stores, on account of the danger from sparks. Steamers going there are obliged to burn coal.

Sometimes a spark from a puffing engine starts a fire on the edge of a forest. Summoned by the smoke, the peasants hasten to the spot, and dig trenches around the burning mass, as the best means of preventing the flames from spreading.

Great forest fires are disasters which Finland has often to endure. The people from far and near hasten to the scene to assist in fighting the flames. Trees are felled to make a gap between the fire and the rest of the forest. The creeping flames are beaten out with long poles, and trenches are dug, extending sometimes for several miles.

Forests make one think of wild beasts, but of these Finland has few. Years ago the forests were infested with wolves, but one season the brutes destroyed such a large number of cattle, and even children, that the peasantry made an attack upon them, and killed nearly all.

At one time elks were numerous, but now only a few exist, and these in the wilder districts, where they live under the protection of the law. Like other animals of the deer kind, the elk sheds its horns each year. These begin to show nine months after the creature's birth. For the first year they are cylindrical and stout; the second year they are about a

foot in length and not branched; the third year two points appear; the fourth year three; the fifth year they are full grown in length. From that time forward they yearly increase in breadth, and in the number of branches, until each horn carries as many as fourteen.

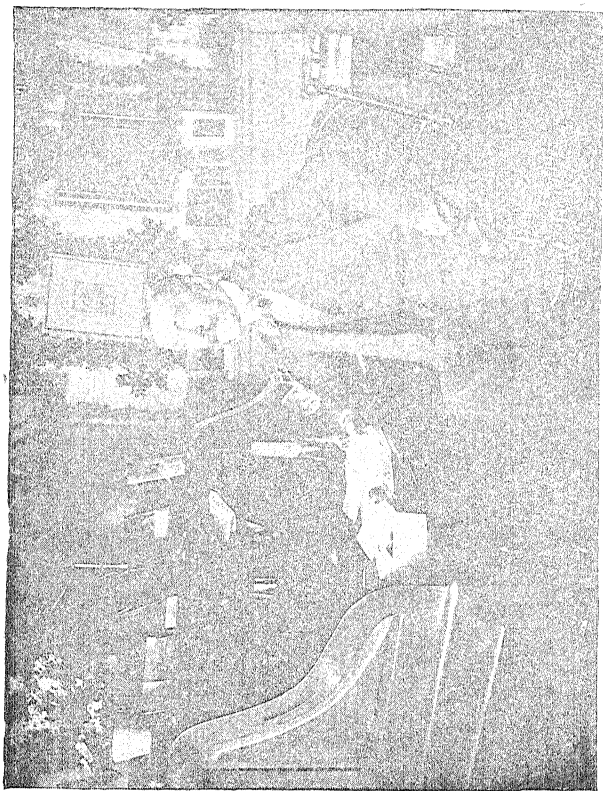
There is hardly a house in Finland in which elk horns are not seen, either as ornaments or in the form of useful articles. They are made into hat-pegs, umbrella-stands, newspaper-racks, stools, and various other things. Often a long line of handsome, full-sized elk horns decorates the walls of entrance halls.

Bears are numerous in the far north, and are hunted in the winter. From his long winter sleep, Bruin is aroused by dogs, or by the smoke of a fire kindled near his lair, and off he goes over the snow, followed by sportsmen on the strange snow-shoes called ski.

On account of the abundance of wood, nearly all the houses are built of that material. To most visitors this is a very strange feature, but Mr. de Windt had become familiar with such dwellings in Siberia, and had seen so many queer buildings in various lands that the wooden dwellings in Finland appeared in no way remarkable. As a rule they are only one storey high. In the villages and small towns







Harry de Windt.

*Photo: Pictorial Agency.*

they are usually painted dark red ; in the larger towns lighter colours are used.

To keep out the snow, the peasants' houses have a very small doorway, set high above the ground, or else the entrance is guarded by a porch, often roughly built of pine logs.

Outside the door lies a round mat, neatly formed of the loose branches of the pine tree. It lasts only a short time, but a new one can be had for the slight trouble of making it. On entering the dwelling, the attention of the stranger is at once taken by the large porcelain stove, with which every room is furnished. It reaches from the floor to the ceiling, and is generally about four feet square.

As it would not do to have wooden chimneys, these structures are of brick or stone. Sometimes the traveller comes upon two or three standing all alone, the only remnants of a dwelling destroyed by fire.

Every house, however humble, has a bathroom, which stands apart from the main building, and contains a large stove. When a bath is to be taken, a fire is lighted, and, as soon as the stones or bricks of which the stove is built are hot, the cleansing process may begin.

A servant or friend who accompanies the bather throws water on the heated stove, causing volumes of steam to fill the room. Then every part of the

bather's perspiring body is soaped and scrubbed until the skin tingles. The lather having been washed off by pails of water, the bather is whipped with a bundle of birch twigs, which are frequently dipped into hot water.

Finally, a pail of cold water is thrown over the tingling flesh, or the bather, if a native, will probably plunge into a lake close by, or, in winter time, will roll in the snow. The peasants always take a bath on Saturday night, several entering together, and scrubbing and beating one another.

The large country houses contain balconies, on which all meals are served during the summer. Among people of the better class, a curious custom is observed in connection with every meal. A sideboard is laden with various liqueurs, and dainty foods, which are supposed to provoke the appetite. Slices of hard-boiled eggs with sardines or anchovies, smoked reindeer, mushrooms cooked in cream, raw or smoked salmon, cheese, potted meats, fish in jelly, radishes, and caviare (the roe of the sturgeon) are among the articles there displayed.

Each person helps himself to such things as he fancies, and takes them to the dining table. When enough time has been allowed for their consumption, the proper meal begins.

Finnish peasants rarely taste meat, and then

only that which is salted. Fresh vegetables also are almost unknown. The usual fare, day after day, consists of sour skimmed milk, sour black bread, and raw salt fish.

When peasants are boarded by a farmer, the sour milk is served in small wooden pails, one for two persons. They lift out the curds with a wooden spoon, and take turns in drinking the watery part, by raising the pail to their lips. The men cut their bread and fish with the sheath knife, which each carries at his waist.

In Finnish farmhouses egg-cups are unknown, and yet boiled eggs are eaten. The natives manage without the customary holder, by making use of the plan that Columbus once turned to good account.

One strange sight in Finland consists of the loaves of rye bread stored on the rafters, in the farmers' kitchens, and of the thin cakes strung on a stick thrust through a hole in the centre. Such bread and cakes are made only two or three times a year. Long before the next baking day comes round, they are too hard for a knife to cut, and form poor fare to those unaccustomed to such meagre diet.

The washing of clothes is another thing performed only two or three times during the year. The first important wash takes place in the spring, and the others follow before winter sets in. The

washing is done beside the water-ways, where the women stand at tables to rub and scrub, and then, from platforms erected for the purpose, souse the articles in the lake or stream.

Women in Finland often do work which we consider suitable only for men. Street-sweeping, for instance, is a common occupation for them, and several hundred obtain a living as builders.

Visitors who arrive in Finland between the middle of June and the middle of July may feast upon wild strawberries, which abound everywhere. So plentiful are they that one of the names by which the country is known is "Strawberry Land." To eat wild strawberries at table in the Finnish way, one must pick them up with a pin.

Dishes of them are served at every meal, and children by the roadside will gladly take a penny for a tempting little basketful. They cut off a piece of birch bark, about a foot square, bend it into the shape of a box, fasten the sides together with a birch twig drawn through holes pierced with a knife, and a neat basket is ready to be filled with the delicious fruit.

Other berries, too, such as raspberries, cranberries, whortleberries, and several kinds not found in the British Isles grow wild. They are used in soups and puddings, and for making jam

to be eaten with meat, not with bread. In Finland only foreigners ask for jam for their bread and butter, and the request usually creates both amusement and amazement.

In the course of his travels Mr. de Windt has slept in beds of various kinds, but in no civilised country can he have found in common use a stranger article than the Finnish bed. The framework is movable in telescope fashion, so that it can be lengthened or shortened, and this is done daily.

Very often, also, a bed which appears to be intended for one person only can be turned into a double one, by pulling out its sides. During the day it is shut up, by pushing the two ends as close together as possible, with the mattress, pillows, and bedclothes lying between them.

One place in Finland which attracts visitors is Tornea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, and near the border of Sweden. It is a dreary little town, except for two short periods during each year.

About a month from the 20th of June, it is crowded with tourists, and is a scene of great activity. The visitors go to the spot from a desire to see the midnight sun. Making Tornea their headquarters, they drive to a low mountain some fifty miles distant, from

the summit of which the sun for about two weeks is visible at midnight.

In winter, Tornea is again alive with visitors, but of a different class from those of the summer. When snow lies deep upon the ground, a large number of Laplanders arrive with reindeer sledges laden with reindeer tongues, hams, and skins for sale or barter.

These visitors come from the northernmost parts of Scandinavia and Finland. Having yellow skins and being short of stature, they are more like Japanese than Europeans. Both men and women wear tunics and trousers of wool or of reindeer skin, and reindeer boots curved up at the toes. A red-cloth cap, shaped like a fisherman's, often provides the headgear of a man, while a woman may have on her head a gay cap fitting close round the face, and running up at the back into an over-arching peak, which covers a piece of hollow wood containing the wearer's back hair.

Hunting and fishing are the principal occupations of the Laplander. From the forest, the rivers, and the sea, he obtains much of his food. The rest is supplied by the reindeer, which also furnishes its owner with almost every other comfort in life. Every Laplander, however poor, has a dozen or two

reindeer, while a rich man will own as many as two thousand.

The story of Mr. de Windt's tour in "Strawberry Land," "The Land of Schools," "The Land of the Thousand Lakes," has been told by him under the title of *Finland as It Is*. Other books that he has written are entitled, *From Paris to New York by Land*, *From Pekin to Calais by Land*, *Siberia as It Is*, *New Siberia*, *A Ride to India, Through Alaska to Behring Straits*, and *True Tales of Travel*.



## VIII.—Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

FAR away in the North Atlantic, just touched by the Polar Circle, lies the large and lonely island of Iceland, renowned for its hot springs or geysers, which, at intervals, throw up columns of water and spray. The largest, called the Great Geyser, throws up a column of water to the height of fifty to a hundred and fifty feet.

These fountains and other features attract a few visitors every summer. In the year 1888, the visitors included a party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the future Mrs. Tweedie and her brother.

A delightful account of their visit made the first of the travel books that Mrs. Tweedie has written. It is called *A Girl's Ride in Iceland*. Mrs. Tweedie has taken other journeys, and has delighted thousands of readers by her charming descriptions of the scenery and the people of the lands she has visited. The titles of these books are, *A Winter Jaunt to Norway*, *Sunny Sicily*, *Through Finland in Carts*, and *Mexico as I Saw It*.

The last-named land is one of the countries of the New World. It extends for some two thousand miles from the southern border of the United States, and is about six times the size of the British Isles. There Mrs. Tweedie was among a people widely differing in speech, dress, personal appearance, and manner of living from the inhabitants of the British Isles.

Once upon a time Mexico was a Spanish possession, which accounts for the fact that throughout the country Spanish is the common language. Very few of the inhabitants are whites, however, nearly all being either the descendants of native Indians, or of Spaniards who married Indians.

For the most part the surface of Mexico consists of a tableland, more than a mile above the level of the sea. On the borders of the plateau are volcanoes, mostly extinct or quiet, and covered with snow. Along each of the coasts lies a narrow strip of lowland.

The most important city is the capital, which bears the same name as the country, and is situated on the plateau. The nearest port is Vera Cruz, and visitors landing there proceed to the capital by rail.

In the coast district the line runs among

cocoa-nut palms, bamboo thickets, and forests of mahogany, ebony, and other valuable trees. Up the steep ascent to the plateau the traveller passes through groves of orange trees and lemon trees, fields of pine-apples, and coffee plantations, with bananas planted between the bushes to protect them from the cold winds.

Mexico City stands over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, but, through being within the tropics, it enjoys a genial and generally equable climate.

During the hot season, dozens of Indians lay the dust with pails of water. Still stranger, perhaps, is the arrangement by which an airing is given to invalids, who, with us, would be conveyed in a bath-chair. As Mexicans are accustomed to carry everything on their head or back, the invalid's carriage is a box-like chair strapped to a man's shoulders. The invalid sits back to back with his bearer, with his feet about on a level with the porter's waist. When furniture is removed, it all has to be carried by porters. Four men may be seen trotting along with a wardrobe, or some other heavy article, suspended from a long pole.

Among other strange sights are leaf and flower wreathed booths for the sale of popular

drinks, hawkers of charcoal, boys crying lottery tickets as well as newspapers, and pedlars of brilliant featherwork and huge bunches of scentless flowers.

At the meeting-place of the principal streets stands the most magnificent cathedral in the New World. Beautiful carvings, rare paintings richly framed, and costly metal work, make the interior a scene of grandeur. But there are no stained windows and no pews. One rough bench is provided for the old and infirm; the rest of the worshippers either stand or kneel on the bare boards.

One of the outer walls contains a priceless monument of the Indians who held this part of the New World. It is a stone carved with figures and picture-writing, which show that it was an almanac, and it was dug up in the square in which the cathedral stands.

The Indians, from whom the Spaniards took Mexico, are known as Aztecs. They had reached a high state of civilisation, and in their way of living were unlike the tribes of Indian hunters, whose descendants still dwell in parts of Canada and the United States.

They built fine palaces and temples, of which some remains may yet be seen. The country also contains ruins of cities and fortresses built by races overthrown by the

Aztecs. These ancient structures were erected there four, or perhaps five thousand years ago. Their inhabitants made beautiful pottery, had metal, money, and gold ornaments, while their masonry and carving teach us lessons to-day.

A few of the things that belonged to the Aztecs are preserved in the National Museum of Mexico. Among them are the feathered cloak and shield of Montezuma, the emperor slain by the Spaniards, and the stone on which human sacrifices were offered in a vast temple, which stood on the spot now occupied by the cathedral.

When Montezuma heard that the Spaniards had landed at Vera Cruz, he feared his downfall was at hand. The coming of a god-like race to take possession of the country had been foretold, and it looked as if the prophecy was about to be fulfilled. The strangers had pale faces, and with them were terrible animals (their horses), the like of which had never before been seen. They had power to kill by thunder and lightning, and were carried over the sea by great birds, for so did the Aztecs regard the Spanish fire-arms and ships.

Rich gifts were sent to the invaders, who were asked to turn back, but the gold and

jewels they received made them more determined to advance. Fighting their way over the mountains, they at last reached the Aztec capital.

The Spaniards numbered only a few hundred; the Aztecs were in thousands, but their emperor was no man of war, while the invaders were led by an able general.

The strangers, who were lodged in a spacious palace, before long compelled the emperor to remain with them as a hostage. The Aztecs besieged the palace, and the captive Montezuma was led forth to bid his subjects keep the peace; but he had lost their respect. An arrow, shot from among them, dealt him a fatal wound.

Then the attack grew so serious that the Spaniards had to cut their way out of the city with heavy loss. Cortes, their general, soon rallied his men, and in a fierce battle the Aztecs were defeated, and after a long siege their capital was taken. The young emperor who succeeded Montezuma was tortured in the hope of making him give up supposed treasure, and before long an excuse was found for hanging him. He was the last of the Aztec princes.

A sad time for the Aztecs and their allies followed. Smallpox and other diseases caught

from the white men carried off thousands. Thousands more who refused to become Christians were tortured and burned by the Inquisition, and a countless number, condemned to slavery, met with an early death through their terrible hardships.

The Spaniards conquered Mexico in 1521, and ruled the land for three centuries, when the Mexicans proclaimed their independence. For a short time they had an emperor, but afterwards set up a republic. For many years revolutions were frequent, but, in 1876, General Diaz was elected president, and he has been at the head of the government ever since. Under his able rule peace has been preserved, and the country has become prosperous.

The story of his life has been told by Mrs. Tweedie, and a very remarkable story it is. The general began to earn his living as an errand boy, and he has been a lawyer, a sugar-maker, and a soldier in dozens of battles.

Among the benefits of late years is the establishment of schools of all kinds. In the high schools English is taught, and that is the language used on the railways. The making of the railways has wonderfully helped trade and commerce.

One of the most important lines is a short one in the south. It runs right across the narrow neck of land called the Isthmus of Tehuantepec (te-wan-te-pek), so that goods can be received from a ship at one end, and carried to another vessel on the opposite coast.

Very soon after obtaining possession of the country, the Spaniards planned to dig a canal through the isthmus, so that their vessels might pass between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans without making the long and dangerous voyage round Cape Horn; but they did not carry out the work. In later years it was talked about but never done, and at last the idea of a canal being given up, a railway was begun instead.

After seven years of work in tropical jungles, this "bridge of the world's commerce" was opened by President Diaz in 1907.

By tramcars and by canal, as well as by rail, pleasant excursions can be made from the capital. One of these is to the "floating gardens," which the Aztecs gathered together in the lakes near their city. Though much shrunk, these lakes have until lately been a great trouble to modern Mexico, by flooding its streets, and making the ground so spongy that many buildings became warped.



Another favourite excursion is to a hill on which the Aztecs performed some of their religious rites. Upon it they solemnly put out their sacred fire every fifty-second year. It was then relighted, and portions sent to all parts of the empire.

A third place much visited is Guadalupe, five miles by tramway north of the capital. On the steep hill stands a cathedral possessing a picture of the Virgin Mary. It draws multitudes of pilgrims, some of whom crawl all the way from the city on hands and knees.

On the 12th December, special honour is done to the picture, and to the holy woman it represents, and thousands of Indians assemble to take part in the religious services. For days before the festival, they arrive on foot and by train. Numbers have to travel hundreds of miles, and they often carry all their worldly belongings with them.

Another place of pilgrimage is at the foot of a volcano, where a cave contains a famous figure of the Christ, brought from Spain soon after the Conquest.

The volcano, one of the mountains within sight of the city of Mexico, although forty miles away, bears the strange Indian name of Popocatepetl, meaning "the hill that smokes." The last





eruption was as long ago as 1540, but the mountain still smokes.

It is nearly eighteen thousand feet high, between four and five times the height of Ben Nevis, the loftiest mountain in the British Isles. Huge icicles bristle on its sides, and snow lies always upon the upper part. The crater is a mile across, and a thousand feet deep. Within the great basin are beds of pure sulphur, and the mineral is got out by men who live in the crater. They go up and down the rugged walls by the aid of ropes fixed for the purpose.

From the crater of Popocatepetl, the Spanish conquerors of Mexico procured the sulphur required for making the gunpowder, which so terrified the Indians. From other parts of the country they obtained silver and gold. Almost every mineral is found in Mexico, but silver has been the chief product. More than one rich spot has been made known by the accident of a camp fire roasting a film of silver out of the ground.

One mining-camp worked by the old Spaniards produced £260,000,000 in gold and silver, when it was deserted, although all the precious metal had not been taken out. One reason for leaving it was that all the timber near enough had been used for smelting the ore; another, that the miners had not the means of raising

the ore from a greater depth than they had reached.

Now, miners are at work there again, with electricity to help them, and the millions of ounces taken out by the Spaniards are believed to have been but a crumb of the whole. The electricity is made by a waterfall, and conveyed to the mine by a wire. There it lifts the ore out, and helps to separate the gold and silver from the rock.

The Mexicans are beginning to make use of their waterfalls. With the electricity made by one, ninety-five miles distant, the town of Puebla is lighted, its tramcars are run, and the machines in its factories are worked. But, more wonderful still, the electricity it makes is working the big stamp mills, which crush the ore to powder, at a mine two hundred miles away.

In the dry season the river shrinks from a large, roaring stream to a feeble, trickling brooklet. In order that it may be powerful all the year round, vast reservoirs are being formed by walling up three great valleys. Six thousand men work on one of the dams, which will cost one million pounds. When the whole plan has been carried out, the waterfall, by means of the electricity it produces, will turn nearly every wheel within a radius of two hundred miles.

Another wonderful story about Mexico has to do with a village bearing the curious name of Tepetapa. Some one discovered that its houses were built partly of gold, the precious metal being found in the bricks. As there was enough to give a handsome profit for getting it out, the whole village of three hundred houses was bought for the purpose of grinding up the bricks, and collecting the gold from them.

The bricks or adobes commonly used in Mexico are not burnt in a kiln, but are merely dried in the sun. The way of making adobes is this: Two or three men working together dig out the clayey soil, mix it with water, put it into wooden moulds, and then leave it to dry. As soon as the clay becomes firm, the bricks are ready for use.

Adobes are larger than our bricks, being eighteen inches in length, twelve inches broad, and six inches thick. Where the climate is hot and dry, they are as lasting as stone. Adobe buildings erected two or three thousand years ago are standing to-day.

Some natives dwell in huts built of bamboo rods, roofed with palm leaves. Instead of being close together, the rods are placed so far apart that one or two fingers can be thrust between any two of them, and passers-by can see all that takes place on the inner side.

These humble dwellings are found not only in villages but also in towns, and even in the cathedral city of Monterey. The thatch lets in the rain; the walls admit the wind; the floor is of earth, yet men earning good wages are content to live in these poor homes.

An English family would find the small houses of brick and stone almost as undesirable as the bamboo huts. They are mostly only one storey high, and have no windows, so that light and air can gain admittance only when the door is open. The better houses have windows, and those opening on the ground floor have iron bars before them to prevent theft. Some Mexicans are cunning thieves, and they have a clever way of robbing an apartment, by means of a hook at the end of a pole.

The houses generally have flat roofs, and very rarely, indeed, is one seen with a chimney, as charcoal is used for cooking, and also for heating, where fires for warmth are needed. "Carbosin?" — "Charcoal, sir?" — is one of the street cries. A handful of lumps usually serves for cooking a family's food for a whole day.

Houses of more than one storey have the stairways on the outside, leading to wide verandahs, on which the rooms open. The bottom floor is

occupied by servants' quarters, the coach-house, and the stables.

All the great country houses, most of the houses in the towns, and many of the huts in the villages, are built of adobes. Some of the adobe-built houses of an Indian tribe are very strange. Among them are buildings six storeys in height, and inhabited by as many as seven hundred persons. Each storey stands a few feet back from the line of that below it. There are no staircases, and ladders, set up on the outside, are the only means of communication between the upper and the lower storeys.

Visitors to Mexico are greatly surprised at not seeing any priests in the streets. The priests are there, however, but they cannot be recognised by their dress. No religious teacher is allowed to wear a special dress in public, except in church, but must wear the same sort of clothes as other men.

The usual dress of men in comfortable circumstances consists of a hat with a brim a foot wide, surmounted by a thick band of silver or gold ; a short coat gaily embroidered with silver braid, and very tight trousers, often ornamented with dozens of silver buttons. Sometimes a leather belt holds a silver-mounted revolver.

Most men of the poorer classes wear cotton clothes, some have a red blanket draped about



their shoulders, and all wear large hats of felt or straw. Their wives and daughters also wear cotton dresses, and use a shawl instead of a hat or bonnet. In small towns even ladies do not wear hats.

When the ladies appear on the street, they wear lace mantillas, or thin scarves over their hair, in the Spanish fashion. These are very charming, but afford no protection from the sun. Girls have no head covering. When those of the better class go out in the sun, which is seldom, they use a parasol to avoid sunburn, and dust their faces thickly with a white powder.

In some districts boys and girls, as soon as they can stand, are dressed exactly like their elders; in others, all the children go unclothed. The only time they wear anything is when going to church, and then they put on a hat.

Through destruction of the forests or other causes, the climate of Mexico is becoming cooler and drier. Sometimes the rainfall is so small that immense damage is done to the crops. Now and then the Mexicans suffer from bitterly cold wind storms called "northers," because the vast central plain of North America is unbroken by mountains running from east to west. The "northers" are very unpleasant on land, and

bring danger to shipping off the coast, but are not wholly unwelcome, as they sweep away fever.

As Mexico possesses every sort of climate, through being nearly two thousand miles from north to south, or as long as from Iceland to Gibraltar, and through having lofty heights as well as low-lying ground, almost every kind of flower, fruit, and vegetable may be found within its boundaries. In some districts flowers that we see only in hothouses grow wild in rich profusion, and in others products of the temperate regions flourish.

Acres and acres of pine-apples grow wild alongside some of the railway tracks, and Mrs. Tweedie tells of Indians who, at certain seasons of the year, live entirely on the wild produce of the forest, finding there bananas, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, and dozens of other tropical fruits, and being able to bring down with their blow-guns enough game to supply their larder.

The main crop of the country is maize, which can be sown and reaped twice a year, in some districts even three times.

Not long ago, some one discovered that rubber could be made from an ugly desert weed, and now the plant is cultivated on vast tracts which before were worthless.

But the most remarkable things that grow in Mexico are cactuses, strange plants that are masses of pulp clothed with a thick leathery skin. As the moisture does not easily evaporate through their stout covering, they are able to live in a hot dry desert, and do not suffer much harm, even during long spells of drought.

There are hundreds of kinds, nearly all found growing in curious forms, creeping stems, prickly balls, and lofty columns. Some are prized for their beautiful flowers; others, solely for their quaint shape.

The smallest are no bigger than a thimble; the largest grow to the height of a hundred feet in a single column. One that was brought to London measured nine and a half feet in circumference, and weighed just upon a ton, so that eight mules were required to draw it to the coast for shipment to England, and ten strong men were needed to place it upon the scales.

The kind known as the Queen of the Night displays its flowers only during the hours of darkness. As a rule, it begins to open its buds at about eleven o'clock, usually on a night in the month of June, and two hours later the blossoms are at their best. They are of a dazzling whiteness, and fill the air with fragrance. Just before daylight

they fade, and, by the time the sun has risen, are masses of crumpled petals.

One kind bears a fruit that has led to the plant being named the prickly pear. This cactus is valuable food for cattle in times of drought, but, being covered with thorns, is not tempting. To encourage the cattle to eat enough to keep them alive, the ranchmen burn off the worst of the prickles by holding the leaves over a fire for a moment. The animals are so fond of leaves treated in this way that the wildest will follow any one quite tamely, in order to obtain the delicacy.

Cactuses are among the most common plants in Mexico, and are turned to various uses. Palisades of the tall, shapely organ cactus line portions of the railways, while, by a mingling of varieties, hedges are formed for confining cattle. From the leaves of the palm cactus the peasants make quaint coats, being just a series of spikes from which rain readily drips off.

Growing wild, planted in hedges and massed in cultivated fields, is the cactus from which pulque, the beer of the country, is obtained. From the same plants are also produced excellent fibre, paper, thatch, thread, needles, and pins for the natives, and food, the last named coming from its root. This variety,

called the malguey plant, has stiff prickly leaves, sword-like in shape, that seem to be of tin painted a dusty bluish green. Once in its lifetime it sends up a stalk of yellow blossom. It is a veritable vegetable cow, as, when mature, it is milked three times a day, an operation performed by sucking the sap through a siphon, formed of a large gourd, with a cow's horn at the end.

The liquor obtained from the sap is a pungent milk-and-watery-looking fluid, likened in taste and smell to bad cheese. Foreigners do not relish it, but it is the common intoxicating drink of the natives.

In former days another kind of cactus, the cochineal fig, was cultivated as the means of rearing cochineal insects, used for producing a beautiful scarlet dye. They formed a most valuable article of commerce, a quantity worth half a million pounds being annually exported, until the discovery that a similar dye could be procured more cheaply from coal-tar.

On the wide plains of Mexico, especially in the north, cattle-rearing forms the principal occupation, there being over twenty thousand cattle ranches in the country. One is as large as the mainland of Scotland, another as large as Wales, and a third nearly half

that size. Herds of twenty thousand to thirty thousand head of cattle are common, while mules and horses, goats and sheep, are also numerous.

One of the great Mexican sights is to be seen when the cattle are being collected, or rounded up, to be counted, and for the young ones to be branded. The cattle are driven into a corral, or large pen, constructed of strong palings from seven to eight feet high.

The cow-boys of Mexico are generally Indians, but white men, who, from choice or need, have taken to the work, are found among them. The skill with which they manage their horses and throw the lasso is marvellous, and can be acquired only by long practice. Very picturesque a cow-boy looks in a coloured shirt, tight brown trousers made of leather to protect the legs in the scrub, and an enormous straw hat.

By way of amusement a cow-boy sometimes rides a bull. The animal being lassoed and thrown, the cow-boy seats himself upon it as it lies on the ground. Then the ropes are loosened, and up jumps the maddened bull. Having never before had anything on his back, the presence of the man angers him. He kicks, plunges, bucks, jumps, and goes off at full gallop. Sooner or later the rider is thrown

off, but he and his companions enjoy the sport.

In some parts wolves are the source of no little trouble and loss, as they cause the cattle to take fright, and also prey upon the calves. It is not unusual to see a calf whose tail has been bitten off by a wolf.

Although the country contains so many cattle, boys and girls fond of butter should not go to Mexico. That article, so common with us, is rarely used by Mexicans. To meet the need of foreigners, it is served in the hotels, but, if of native manufacture, it is without salt, and is perfectly white and tasteless. Mexicans make up for its absence by dipping their roll or sweet bread into their coffee or chocolate.

The latter, rather than tea or coffee, is the favourite beverage. By the better class it is drunk at all times and seasons, although it seems to be more reasonably used now than in olden days. It is said that, in the seventeenth century, a bishop was poisoned because he forbade the ladies to have cups of chocolate brought to them in church!

With the various tribes of Indians in Mexico, and many other Mexicans also, the place that wheaten bread holds with us is taken by thin tough cakes, made of the flour of Indian corn. They are called tortillas. Having been made

soft by soaking, the corn is placed in a stone trough, before which the housewife sits on her heels, while she rubs a small roller up and down, until the moist corn is converted into a paste. This she spreads into a kind of pancake, which is baked in an iron pan over the fire.

Another form of food almost as popular is the tamales, a sort of dumpling made from corn and wrapped in a corn husk. Corn, it must be remembered, always means maize in America.

The Mexicans are fond of hot foods, and use a considerable amount of chilli sauce. Broad beans, called frijoles (fre-o-les), are also popular, and form a dish found in every Mexican house.

• Very few Mexicans use forks, but nearly all double up bits of tortilla in such a manner that they can take up what is on their plate, and put server and food into the mouth together.

The markets in Mexico are interesting places to visit. A great deal of the produce on sale is placed in tubs, made of ox hide with the hair on. The Mexicans even make carts of strips of wood and ox hide, and some of their ropes are made of horse-hair, a material used for a like purpose in Iceland.



A vast amount of buying and selling is done at railway-stations. Probably half the shopping of every Mexican town is done there or in the streets. The large open spaces near the cathedrals, on Sundays, no less than on other days, are full of articles exposed for sale.

Some market halls contain a cock-pit, cock-fighting being a favourite amusement in Mexico, as it was in England, until forbidden by Act of Parliament in 1849. In the capital the usual Sunday afternoon entertainment is either a cock- or bull-fight.

Throwing dice at street corners, playing ball, and walking in the Alameda, are other ways in which the Mexicans find amusement. Ball is a Mexican game resembling tennis—not lawn-tennis—but played with the hand instead of with a racquet. It is so popular that every village has its “ball wall.”

The Alameda, or promenade, is a sort of public square possessed by every town. Up and down it the people pace as soon as night has settled in, which is at an early hour, for in Mexico, as in all other countries occupying a similar position with respect to the equator, there is no twilight.

Except in Mexico City, where foreign ideas have changed some of the native customs, the men walk on one side and the women on

the other, but they go in opposite directions, so that they meet one another. The enjoyment is increased by the strains of a band, the Mexicans being very musical. Even the poorest Indians sing and play to amuse themselves and their friends.

The courtesy of the Mexicans makes a great impression upon strangers. Sons invariably address their father as *señor* (sir), and no son or inferior would ever dream of smoking or drinking in the presence of an elder, without being invited to do so.

It is the custom for acquaintances to pay one another very pretty compliments. They say all manner of delightful things without really meaning them. One expresses admiration for an article possessed by another. "It is yours," is the prompt reply.

The Mexicans derive their gallant manners from their Spanish blood, but there is at least one instance of such gracious politeness in England. Over the door of an old Tudor mansion near Yeovil, in Somersetshire, one reads, "And yours, my friend," much nicer words, although not carrying their full meaning, than *cave canem*—beware of the dog—which often meets the eye in our own country, even upon a friend's front door-mat.

Travelling and writing books are far from

engaging all Mrs. Tweedie's time and attention. She is an active worker in various good causes, especially by serving on committees formed for charitable purposes. And she can use the artist's brush as well as she can guide the author's pen, so skilfully, indeed, that, in by-gone days, she was accustomed to send her pictures to the exhibitions organised by the Society of Women Artists.